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The Week

DELAY in settling the armistice conditions between Russia and Poland is so grave a danger that nobody wants to take the responsibility for it. Nobody is really responsible for it, according to a special dispatch from London to the World, which asserts that it is now officially admitted that "the breakdown of the first Russo-Polish conference was not due to bad faith on either side, but was the result of an unfortunate misunderstanding, the Poles at that time thinking they had not the permission of the Allies to discuss peace." Accordingly the Poles could only offer conditions that no warring power with victory within its grasp could consider. All the agonies of the drive toward Warsaw had to be endured by the unfortunate Polish population because of the ambiguities of Allied policy and the predisposition of the Polish government to interpret them in such a way as to gain time for a miracle to happen.

THE rejection by the Soviet government of Lloyd George's proposal for a ten day truce decidedly increased the danger that world war, shot through with civil revolutions, might again be set loose. Those terms were, on their face, fair. Yet they said nothing about General Wrangel and his army in the Crimea, built up under Allied auspices, armed and munitioned by the Allies, and still regarded by the interventionists as a new hope. That army was regarded by the Allies as the right wing of the Polish army until the cavalry of Budenny eliminated all chance of a junction. The Soviet government makes the withdrawal of Wrangel's army a condition of removing their lines beyond the boundary drawn by the Supreme Council in 1918. It professes its willingness to make peace with Poland, granting to the Poles the territories to which they have an ethnographical claim. But they insist on following Allied precedent in requiring their enemies to make themselves helpless before fighting shall cease.

NO doubt Soviet insistence upon the rights of victors would promptly be followed by an Allied declaration of war, if the resources for war making were available. But it would be extremely difficult to find the two or three million men and the ten or twenty billion dollars of real money necessary to run down the Russian forces over the limitless plains of Eastern Europe. The French, with the fatuity of their exploded cordon sanitaire theory, are talking of drawing upon Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania for men. Hungary is said to be eager for the service; Rumania will go if every other Allied country does; Czecho-Slovakia adheres to her native honesty and says she will fight only if her own territories are menaced. England has all she can do maintaining forces sufficient to control Ireland and to be ready against eventualities in the East. France needs all her men to watch Germany. But could not Germany be baptized as a lily white Ally and set to the task? Per-

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haps; but after it was over, where would military preponderance on the continent lie?

AN exchange of letters between Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Curzon last May, reprinted by the Bulletin of the League of Free Nations Association, throws light upon the responsibility of British militarists for the present plight of Poland. In his first letter Lord Robert Cecil pointed out that for months Poland had been notoriously preparing to attack Russia, and so far as he could judge, the Soviet government had made repeated and genuine offers of peace which had been set aside on seemingly flimsy pretexts. "The result must be either a Polish success which will only lead to reprisals later on—or a Polish failure, which may probably produce the disruption of Poland, or its conquest by Russia." Lord Robert Cecil urged that an immediate meeting of the Council of the League be summoned to deal with the situation.

IN his reply Lord Curzon began with avowing ignorance of any notorious preparation by the Poles for an attack on Russia and asserted his belief that the Poles had sincerely sought peace with Russia. But "in any case this episode does not constitute an outbreak of war: it is merely a phase of a war which has been going on for some time and has not yet terminated." Hence the affair was outside of the scope of the League. Moreover, the British government had left it to the Poles to choose peace or war on their own responsibility. The Poles had chosen war: to interefere with their desire "would certainly be regarded as intervention in favor of the Bolsheviks and against our Allies." There you have the perfect militarist mind rattling around in a nutshell. Professed ignorance of what all the world knows; sophistic legalism; hypocritical impartiality; blind over-confidence in the ability of your own friends to win their will by force.

LORD ROBERT CECIL then offered the evidence on which he had based his statement that the Poles had been making preparations for an ambitious military adventure. We can not summarize it here, but it was as conclusive as the later course of events. With a foresight that proves his capacity for statecraft, he asks, "Is it possible that to intervene now would be regarded by Poland as an unfriendly act, though events may show that intervention would be for her the truest kindness?" In any event, further fighting in that quarter could only be regarded as a disaster. If the League could do nothing in the circumstances, its critics could not unreasonably argue that its usefulness in the future was not likely to be great. Lord Curzon seized upon a statement that the letters would be given to the press as an excuse for breaking off the correspondence. The League of Nations did nothing. Poland retained the inestimable privilege of a free hand—with which to cut her own throat.

ADMINISTRATION of backward peoples under the mandate principle, with the interests of the peoples and of civilization the sole objects of the mandatories' policies, was a magnificent idea. Followed out in good faith it would have offered the best hope that the peace of the world should not again be destroyed by competitive imperialism. But apparently none of the powers that formally accepted the idea had the least intention of following it out in good faith. Whether in Africa or in the Indian Ocean or in Asia Minor the "mandate" has from the beginning been made into an equivalent for "protectorate" in its time a hypocritical euphemism for "possession." What new, highly moral and disinterested term will next be prostituted to the sanctfication of aggression and greed?

TOGOLAND and New Guinea and Yap may be content with the mandate scheme. They have never asserted the right to wishes that ought to be respected. That is not true of the Turkish territories now claimed by the Allies. The Mesopotamians do not want British rule, nor the Syrians, French. But the British and French proceed as blithely as their military resources permit to subjugate the populations entrusted to their guardianship. General Gouraud kicked our late ally the Emir Feisal out of Damascus without the least concern over the wishes of the Arabs. Neither did they exhibit the least care for the interests of even their friends the Armenians when they concluded an armistice with the Turks that did not cover the Armenians who had fought by their side. Recently it appears that the French have successfully cut their way out of Adana, again leaving their Armenian allies to shift for themselves. The French will, perhaps, be able to fight again another day, but the Armenians will not.

FULL legal authority to do what they will with the Irish has been conferred upon the British government by a Parliamentary vote of 208 to 18—more than half of the membership being absent or abstaining from voting. The Defense of the Realm act may be applied to all of Ireland or to such parts as the government chooses, and under

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it persons accused of committing crimes, either before or after the enactment of this law, may be tried by court martial and if found guilty shall be punishable with the punishment prescribed by statute or common law. When the charge is capital the court martial shall include as a member a person certified to by the Lord-Lieutenant as of legal knowledge and experience; when nothing more is at stake than a man's liberty apparently nobody thus qualified need be at hand. Convicts under the act may be incarcerated in any jail in the United Kingdom. The act also enables the government to punish local authorities remiss in their duties by the retention of sums payable to them from local taxation or from any Parliamentary grant or government fund.

COERCION is the logical consequence of the failure of the Lloyd George government to find a working basis for relations with Ireland It is, indeed, the logical consequence of the character of the Lloyd George government itself. Possibly a labor government could reconcile the conflicting claims of Imperial security and of Irish nationalism. A government like the present, resting upon a reactionary and unrepresentative Parliament, simply can not win back the confidence of the Irish people. It has to make a show of restoring order in a country in which the constituted machinery for enforcing the law has generally broken down. But its dispositions rest on nothing but naked force, and force is no final solution of a political problem. The Romans, in their government of a similar race, the British, learned from experience, as Tacitus puts it, parum profici armis, si injuriae sequerenter. Arms accomplish nothing if followed by insult and injury. No progress whatever is made toward the solution of the problem of governing Ireland when no progress is made toward winning the consent of the Irish. And the Coercion act is a measure calculated to remove Irish consent as far as possible from realization.

INSIGHT into the incidence of taxation is not one of Cox's strong points. He has swallowed whole the argument of the excess profiteers that the only reason why they take all the profits they can get is the necessity of paying out a part of those profits in taxation. He suggests as a substitute for the excess profits tax "a small tax, probably one to one and a half per cent, on the total business of every going concern." Now, that is a tax that will actually have to be shifted. The struggling business concern, making profits of one per cent net on the turnover and eight per cent on its capital can forget about the excess profits tax. It would have to increase its profits one hundred to one hundred and fifty per cent, under Cox's plan, if it is to keep for itself the minimum of survival. The typical business concern making perhaps two to three per cent on turnover and twenty per cent or less on capital pays a maximum of one and one fifth per cent on its capital under the excess profits tax. It would pay between seven and ten per cent on Cox's minimum figure. The whole volume of business conducted on the plan of small profits and quick returns would be penalized in order that the business conducted on the plan of big profits and slow returns might prosper. Cox could profitably do some thinking about the elements of the taxation problem before he commits himself too deeply.

WHATEVER we may think of Cox's taxation plans, Harding's are worse, to judge from the outgivings of Representative Slemp "fresh from a conference with the candidate." An extra session will be called to revise and possibly entirely repeal the excess profits tax; to increase the tariff schedules "and thereby not only decrease the tax burden now falling on this country by about two hundred millions (the foreigner will pay the tax!) but protect industries and American labor, which needs protection from low paid foreign competition." (His own words, no doubt.) There will also be a considerable reduction in the income tax schedules. That two hundred million to be extracted from the foreigner and low paid foreign competition will not go far toward stopping the hole in the revenues made by the abolition of the excess profits tax and any reduction in the income tax. Shall we borrow the money to finance our government through the next four years?

ONE of the clearest evidences of the strength and stability of the present Mexican government is the progress it is making toward reducing the army. More than 5,000 officers and men retired from the service in the first weeks of July, according to El Heraldo. It was Carranza's failure to reduce the army that kept his government from ever attaining to complete solvency. He did not keep the army undiminished out of love for militarism but out of a fear of disturbances if many men inured to arms and weaned of the habit of work were returned to civil life. In countries full of the spirit of factional strife only a strong government can afford to cut down army appointments. Apparently the present government is strong enough to undertake it.

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How Will You Vote?

HARDLY a man is now alive who, contemplating his duties on election day, does not feel as Moody did when he strayed into the Menagerie.

"Upward along the aeons of old war
They sought him . . .
Man they desired, but mind you, Perfect Man,
The radiant and the loving, yet to be!
I hardly wonder, when they came to scan
The upshot of their strenuosity,
They gazed with mixed emotions upon *me*."

For the upshot of our strenuosity, the cynic might say, is perfect freedom to choose between six Penroses and half a dozen Murphys. In this generation certainly the voter has never had to make so poor a choice. Not for twenty years has the independent voter looked toward election with less conviction than he does today. He feels that he can accomplish nothing with his vote. If he cares for the League, he looks at Governor Cox's speech and knows instinctively that the issue is unreal to the candidate, and that nowhere in the vicinity of the Governor of Ohio is there the will or the understanding to make participation effective. If he is against the League, he looks at Harding and knows that the opposition is partisan and jingo and profoundly insincere. And so, many opponents of the League are planning to vote Democratic, and just as many sincere friends are planning to vote Republican. Mr. Taft who agrees with the President will vote against the President, and Mr. Reed who is wholly Republican remains wholly Democratic. This is government by paradox, not government by the people. The will of the nation is at sixes and sevens, and there is no will.

Much has been said lately about returning to fundamentals. It is worth trying because the unhappy fact is that the American system is not working today. For almost two years it has been hopelessly deadlocked. A bureaucracy continues to function, but the government of legislature and executive has been simply incapable of deciding anything. The American government has been incapable of deciding on a policy towards Europe, towards Asia, towards Latin-America, towards taxations, labor, prices, the army, the broken-down administrative services, aliens. The one concrete decision was the railroads, and there is probably no student of railroads in this country who would regard the Esch-Cummins law as more than transitional. Now theoretically this indecision and confusion should be cleared up by a fresh appeal to the voters. Theoretically the paralysis of government came because of the fact that the Administration outlived its mandate and the Congress never had a mandate for dealing with the problems of peace. But both conventions continued the state of paralysis. In both party conventions the professionals exploited weariness and indecision to block the appearance of a fresh impulse and a fresh leadership. Both conventions, both platforms, and both candidates are like a banquet hall the next morning when the cigarette stubs have not been removed and the tables not cleared and the windows not opened, but the guests have gone and are asleep.

In every person's calculations about what he or she will do next November there enter a number of ideas. The regulars, of course, vote regular. They are of two classes. The politicians would no more consider irregularity than they would consider giving all they have to the poor. They have an intelligent, if meager reason, for their use of the vote. They exist, however, simply because there are millions of people who have political habits, but no political conscience. They make a cross under the party label, and that ends their suffering. They are the solid stuff out of which parties are built, and they live to refute the schoolbook theory that an election in a twentieth century republic consists in a decision by free men. For clearly a man who always votes one way does not really vote at all. He is just electoral fodder.

The only free men are those who reserve their freedom. If there were no people who had to be convinced, that is if there were no independents, the Republicans would stay in power until the birthrate in Democratic families carried the day. Then the Republicans would have to offer bonuses for large families. The independent alone saves Democracy from such a reduction to absurdity.

But how independent is a person who may be willing to switch back and forth between two parties? Not very independent, surely, because, the margin of freedom which he takes is so small as practically to pocket him. The independent voter, let us say, becomes disgusted with the party in power. The opposition party, of course, encourages his disgust. By the time of the convention he has committed himself over and over again against the administration. "Turn out the Democrats," he has cried. "Good," says Mr. Penrose, "that is what I think. You will therefore vote to turn in me. And since there is no way you can turn them out and not turn us in, I don't feel under great obligation to consider your wishes. If you vote against them, you have to vote for us."

Being willing to rattle back and forth between two parties does not seem to produce much independence. How in fact does it differ from pure partisanship? It differs a little, of course, because it forces the parties to bid a little against each other. But it does not effect them much. The in-

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dependent voter in America has dragged himself one step above the pure partisan, but he has not dragged himself out of the partisan system. He has substituted for the dogma of party infallibility the dogma that the two parties are inevitable. This dogma has been the death of effective independence in American politics. It has meant that the independent might change sides but that he could never change the rules. And as long as he clings to that dogma the professionals will always win in the end. Their organization remains intact. Sometimes it elects, sometimes it fails to elect, but always it is there, and when politics is a career, men can afford to wait four years or eight for the disgusted voter to become more disgusted and return home. For all the independent can do, after he has turned out the Democrats, is to turn them in again when the time has come to turn out the Republicans. Our political game is played on this rule. From this rule all politicians deduce another rule, perfectly clear to them but little understood by the voter. They would infinitely rather lose an election than lose a convention. For while the independents are comparatively few in number, and while almost all of these accept the dogma of two-party inevitability, the loss of an election is unpleasant, but the loss of party control a disaster. The Republicans no doubt hated to lose in 1916, but they consoled themselves easily with the knowledge that while they had lost to Wilson they had conquered the Bull Moose. Their victory was more important than their defeat, as the results in 1920 show.

What keeps the independent voter so enthralled is a confusion of ideas. He believes that majorities are hard to organize if there are more than two parties. He shies, therefore, at the very words Third Party. They suggest three parties, and then four, five, and six until you reach little fragmentary groups. He wishes to avoid that, thinking, with justice, that a whole mess of parties would make government nothing but log-rolling. Therefore, before he will leave the existing bi-partisan system, he insists on seeing a way of returning to it. He is ready, as many are ready now, to leave the Republican and Democratic parties. He is not ready to leave the institution of two major parties. The answer, it seems to us, is that he will never make the two party system fit to govern so long as he permits the existing two parties to regard themselves as the only incarnation of that system on earth. He must be ready to get out of them both, before he can hope to go back two parties that stand for realities. In order to make them effective parties, he may have to sever his allegiance to both the existing ineffective parties.

When the party system is working well, that is to say when the issues are genuine and the leadership sincere, the independent voter cannot and should not expect to find more than a balance of argument in favor of one or the other. His vote will be decided by expediency; his canons will be those of better or worse. Any other vote may plausibly be described as wasted. But when the party system is not working, as ours is not working, the attempt to use a vote to discriminate between better and worse is wasteful. There may be no difference of expediency. And assuming that none develops, say for example, over the question of a war with Mexico, the independent voter is throwing his vote away by voting for one of the two parties. He can promote nothing that he very much wishes, nor prevent anything that he very much fears. Under these circumstances a vote for either party has no effect in creating a national will. It is a waste of time. When the two party system breaks down, the independent voter can make himself felt only by voting against both parties. Now the two ways of voting against both parties this year are to vote for Debs or for Christensen. Of the two a big Farmer-Labor vote would probably make a profounder impression. A big vote for Debs suggests more irreconcilability than the independent means. A vote for the Farmer-Labor candidate begins to threaten the party organizations in many critical states.

It is too early for independents, who are not active politicians, to commit themselves. At this stage of the campaign they can accomplish most by beginning to think out loud, and to serve notice that if things do not change materially they propose to vote outside of the two party system for the deliberate purpose of challenging the existing party control. Within the parties they seem helpless. On the dogma that they will surely make Hobson's choice they are tied. Only by a nation-wide insurgency ready to vote more radical then they believe, rather than vote more insincerely than is tolerable, can they effect the policy of the nation.

And in voting outside the two major parties, the standard of voting changes. As between the two parties, a vote decides who shall administer public affairs. Outside the two parties, a vote is propaganda. As the minor parties cannot win, personnel and policy are secondary. It is not necessary to scrutinize a minor party as if it were going to govern the country. A vote for a minor party, when given by a person who is not committed to its doctrine, is a declaration that one or both of the old parties must mend its ways or disappear. If in the next years neither shows signs of mending its ways, then the independent will have to do more than vote. He will have to go into politics. If he cannot frighten the old parties into sincerity

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and intelligence he will have to go to the huge trouble and expense of making a new party, perhaps around the nucleus of an insurgent wing or around one of the minor parties.

For when he thinks it over, he will see that great and powerful as this country is, it is too great and too powerful to be misgoverned. It may be possible to scrape along for a while, evading every issue, shirking obligations, fomenting discontent, and letting things run down. But that cannot last forever. Sooner or later, by evading, things will become wholly unmanagable, and the opportunity for a cautious adjustment will have passed.

Cox Accepts

FRYING lamb chops for the newspaper reporters or addressing a picnic crowd from the center of a prize-ring, Governor Cox seems more at home than he does at Trail's End with pen in hand and the duty of writing an acceptance speech before him. When he speaks impromptu he imparts an agreeable personality into what he says. The long address which he read on Saturday lacks what he as a newspaperman would call punch.

Mr. Harding's speech of acceptance, his first two porch receptions, and his occasional earnest sallies into controversy had left Governor Cox as wide an opportunity for taking the offensive as any man might ask. Mr. Harding had been dodging the League, dodging domestic reconstruction, dodging Mexico. Where he had rushed to the defence of anything it had been in support of an idea so elementary and so little contentious as to constitute no real issue in the election.

Governor Cox, in our opinion, failed to take advantage of the opportunity which his opponent's vagueness offered him. Of the League, to be sure, he says straightforwardly, "As the Democratic candidate I favor going in." But he is not averse to reservations that interpret. In fact, he has two such reservations which he himself proposes. One is designed to safeguard the Constitution against real or imaginary encroachments by the League. The other has to do with the purposes of the League itself:

> In giving its assent to this Treaty the Senate has in mind the fact that the League of Nations which it embodies was devised for the sole purpose of maintaining peace and comity among the nations of the earth and preventing a recurrence of such destructive conflict as that through which the world has just passed. The cooperation of the United States with the League and its continuance as a member thereof will naturally depend upon the adherence of the League to that fundamental purpose.

The phrasing of this reservation is indefinite enough, we believe, to leave one important point unsettled. The point is this: Does Governor Cox identify as one and the same thing,

(a) enforcement of the Versailles Treaty;
(b) "maintaining peace and comity among the nations?"

Considering the manifest injustices in the Treaty, injustices involving both financial and territorial provisions, and reaching all the way from German Bohemia to Shantung, it seems to us a very real probability that a situation will arise in which enforcement of the Versailles Treaty will *not* be the right road to "maintaining peace" among the nations, in any true and lasting sense. In such a situation how would Governor Cox mean his reservation to apply? Would he write us out of any obligation, material or moral, to help enforce the Treaty? Or does his reservation stop short of that? Does he assume that once the Treaty is ratified enforcement will itself inevitably mark the right road for "maintaining peace and comity among the nations?" It is a point of real difference. The Governor's position is not clear. He would, we think, have made new friends for the League had he followed his own premise to one of the conclusions of which it logically is capable: "We believe heart and soul in a League of democratic peoples. The terms of the Versailles Treaty, however, remind us that among our prospective partners in the League are not only democratic peoples but unmistakably imperialistic governments desiring nothing so much as to keep hold upon territories and privileges which they have won by force and force alone. We shall, therefore, go into this association only if it is agreed that whenever an American Congress believes enforcement of the Treaty to be an act of clear injustice—as in the case of Shantung—then, no matter which Versailles provision or what signatory nation is threatened, this country accepts neither material nor moral obligation to share in such enforcement." Such a declaration, we say, would have made new friends for the League—and made them without losing any but a small minority of its present partisans.

Argument about the League, however, has reached the stage where thought becomes short-circuited and men go round in circles without realizing the orbit they describe. Not so with Mexico and with questions of domestic reconstruction. Here, we think, the opportunity which Governor Cox has missed is plain, indeed.

Mexico, in this campaign, is the most concrete issue that can be put before the country. Senator Fall's report to the Senate is evidence of the real danger of intervention under a Republican ad-

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ministration. The Republican platform and the Republican candidate profess their friendship and their desire for friendly intercourse. The real issue comes down to this: Will Mr. Harding give a pledge that short of an actual invasion of our own country there are no conceivable circumstances in which it will become our duty to send an army into Mexico? It is not only Governor Cox's opportunity but his duty to put this question to Senator Harding and to insist upon an answer. He owes it to the country to assess the consequences of "restoring order" in Mexico via intervention: new debts, diversion of energy to more destruction, new restrictions upon liberty of thought and action, possibly conscription, thousands of young Americans wiped out by fever and guerilla warfare, the lasting enmity of Latin-America, and an inglorious reputation as the world's new bully. There is nothing wrong with the short paragraph in his long address which Governor Cox devotes to Mexico, except that it sounds like the postscript to a midnight letter. It is a perfunctory paragraph. It indicates no awareness that Mexico is an immediate and a major issue.

There is not much to be said about Governor Cox's pronouncements on questions of domestic reconstruction except that they are unimaginative proposals for a candidate who would fight his major battle on the issue of progressivism. Governor Cox wants war taxes repealed; believes in a great merchant marine; supports collective bargaining "with representatives selected by the employer and employees respectively"; wants federal employees to be properly compensated; believes in regulation of the railways; wants the child life of the nation conserved; thinks the writ of injunction "should not be abused" (does this admit or exclude Mr. Palmer?); wants a government budget, development of inland waterways, development of rural school codes, and regulation of cold storage plants. It is a program including much that is sound, little that is fundamental, and nothing that a mild progressive would have thought too daring in 1896. It is, in short, not a program which will inspire those people whose votes Governor Cox has declared will elect him next November, the people "going in the march of progress up the heights."

The fact of the matter is that Governor Cox has done little so far to mark himself as the candidate he most often says he wants to be. He has, ever since his nomination, attempted to draw a line between himself and Senator Harding on the score of progressivism. "I have no doubt that the thought of the country is predominantly and decisively progressive," he declared on July 14th. "And I think that progressive votes will be intelligently cast where they will do the most good." Again, a week later: "There is a positive drift away from reaction. There can be no doubt whatever that the prevailing feeling of the country is progressive." On this note Governor Cox has drummed insistently. It is doing him no injustice to assert that, so far, he seems to think that taking the risk of declaring himself a progressive is tantamount to being one. He has not yet come within arm's length of the questions which a progressive may fairly be called upon to face today: questions of delegating to the producers of the country a more substantial share in the direction of production; of turning the nation's natural wealth—in mine, well and forest—to the use of a greater number of its citizens; of reorganizing distributive machinery more in the interest of the consumer; and of decentralizing, and so safeguarding, the powers of modern government so vast as to threaten tyranny.

The Communist Trial

FROM any point of view save that of the particular defendants who face prison sentences and fines it cannot be said that the outcome of the Chicago Communist trial is a matter of vital importance. The question of law was only incidentally a question of freedom of speech, for the constitutionality of the Illinois Sedition statute under which the indictment was had was not in issue and its interpretation seems not to have been seriously contested. And even from the point of view of the Communist party the trial was not vital. The legality of membership in the Communist party was debated pro and con, the opinion of Judge Anderson of Boston against the opinion of Judge Farris of St. Louis, but the issue as it appeared to the Communists is described by a writer in the New York Call as the question "whether or not an emasculated communism" may be advocated in Illinois.

But if the outcome of the trial was not a matter of great public interest the conduct of the trial certainly was. The strategy of the state's special prosecutor, Mr. Frank Comerford, was a perfect example of that violent and empty patriotism which has done so much since the war to bring patriotism into disrepute. His appeal to the jury was throughout the trial an appeal to their prejudices, their fears, their superstitions. He put on a special agent of the Department of Justice to recite an alleged party yell of the Communist party beginning with this euphonious line, "Bolshevik, Bolsh-

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evik, Bolshevik, bang." He brought and displayed and draped about himself, the red flag. He had a witness testify to finding the American flag on the floor of a closet in the house of one of the defendants. He put on a municipal magistrate to testify to fining the defendant Lloyd for flying the red flag on his automobile at a time before the passage of the law under which Mr. Lloyd was indicted. But the climax of Mr. Comerford's case was reached when he put upon the stand ex-Mayor Ole Hanson of Seattle, and a Mr. H. J. Wilson, who seems to have been present in Seattle during the strike as the spy of an organization authorized by the Department of Justice and known as the Minute Men.

It is difficult to make out the connection between the Communist Labor party in Chicago and a union strike in Seattle, but the prosecution established a connection to the satisfaction of the court, the gist of which was that the Communist Labor party intended to realize its ends in the way attempted by the Seattle unions. The real purpose of the evidence is not hard to see. Readers of newspapers everywhere had been taught that the Seattle strike was a revolutionary disturbance frustrated by the nerve and foresight of one man, the fighting mayor, Ole Hanson. To connect the defendants with that strike, to put the hero of that strike on the stand, was to play upon every prejudice and fear that members of the jury might know, and to close their minds to the issue before them, namely the question whether these defendants had violated an Illinois statute. For that reason, if for no other, Mr. Comerford's failure was grateful. The defense accepted the issue, put on witnesses to prove that the Seattle strike had never been a political strike, and reduced Mayor Hanson to his proper proportions, a frightened little man who had scared himself and millions of his fellow citizens to the verge of counter-revolution over a strike that had not been marked by violence in any way.

Whatever may be said of the wisdom of the Illinois statute or the guilt of the twenty Communists convicted, the conduct of the prosecution offers a spectacle which must offend conservatives as well as liberals. The political criminal as well as the common criminal deserves a fair trial on the merits of the case without such flag-waving and ghost-conjuring as Mr. Comerford indulged in in Judge Hebel's court. It must be obvious even to such over-zealous prosecutors as Mr. Comerford that the surest way to destroy the meaning of American sacrifice in the war is to exploit it for hypocritical ends and in the mannerisms of the criminal court.

Lawn Tennis Today

IT is quite likely that more persons this year than ever before take an intelligent interest in the men's national lawn tennis championships, which will be decided at Forest Hills, Long Island, early next month. Forty years ago, when the game migrated to the United States, the general public, so far as it had any opinion, looked upon lawn tennis as a gentle exercise for the rich. Hard courts were unknown. The upkeep of a good grass court was and still is very expensive. Today, although the price of a good racquet has doubled since 1880, although the price of balls and nets is still going up, lawn tennis has ceased to be a rich man's game. There are public courts in the parks of many of our larger cities. Several of our most audacious players learned their tennis on the excellent hard courts that are open to the public in California.

With the spread of lawn tennis the proportion of first class players to all players has naturally grown smaller. Every abiding change in tactics has made the game more difficult and also a severer test of the player's condition. In England, in the seventies, everybody camped on the base line and long rallies were the rule. Rallies that ran to fifty and eighty strokes were not unknown. Lawn tennis might have become, with base-liners growing steadier and steadier, as monotonous as battle-dore and shuttle-cock, if W. Renshaw had not made volleying successful and popular. His favorite position was the service line, or near it, from which he could volley dropping balls to any part of his opponent's court with extraordinary severity. Since his opponents rarely came up, Renshaw could gain this position as easily when he was striker-out as when he was server. His innovation called for great activity, quickness in guessing what the other man was going to do, and an uncommonly good eye.

In this country W. Renshaw's tactics never became popular. Even our earliest volleyers, like James Dwight, tried for a position a couple of yards nearer the net than Renshaw's. But in a single Dr. Dwight did not often follow his service to the net, a practice which was invented late in the eighties by Campbell, whose object was to come so far up that he could meet each ball on the rise and volley it down. Campbell had many imitators, among the best being Hovey and C. B. Neel, and his tactics would perhaps have become almost everybody's if the rules had not been changed so as to slow up the server by forbidding him to take a running start. Thus the service lost its preponderant advantage, and the problem of getting

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this advantage back was up to the next inventive genius.

About the end of the century the inventor duly appeared. We do not know whether his name is D. F. Davis or Ward, but one or the other devised the American service, which gave the server the time he needed to get well up to the net. Served by a right-handed player, the ball follows the line of flight that an out drop would have if it began to curve almost as soon as it left the pitcher's hand. Through its curve and its reduced speed the server gains a little time, and he gains a little more by forcing the striker-out to stand well behind the base-line, waiting for the high-bounding ball to drop, waiting for the effects of the spin to disappear, and for the egg-shaped ball, so hard to place accurately, to become a sphere again. Here the tactical situation remains, with the service still a great advantage in first class tennis, although a few players, notably Williams in this country and J. C. Parke in Great Britain, can stand nearer the net than the base-line and return a fast-spinning American service before the ball has reached the top of its bound. Such a feat, however, calls for a nicer eye than most players are born with or can acquire.

Thus lawn tennis is both more exhausting and more difficult now than it used to be. To serve through five sets of fast American service, with body bend, or to vary this with a straight service as severe as Tilden's, requires exceptional physical condition. So does running up to the net. And, inasmuch as the volleyer who hesitates gets passed, the volleying game demands a power of anticipation which the old-time back-court player did not need in the same degree. Whether the best players of the modern game are "greater" than the best of thirty years ago is inevitably a disputed question. Everybody agrees that the service, and especially the second service, has immensely improved. Most observers believe that neither of the Renshaws, if they could come to life again, nor Pim, if he could be rejuvenated, could beat W. M. Johnston or Tilden. But the soundness of such a belief cannot be proved, nor would proof answer the more perplexing question: Who would now be the best player, if all the greatest, past and present, had been born in the same year? It is by no means certain that any one ever had more natural talent for lawn tennis than our first American champion, R. D. Sears. These oldest times cannot be brought into the comparison, for no one who was a player then is young enough to play today, and a looker-on, if capable of learning anything, always makes some changes in his opinion when he becomes an opponent. But there is one player whose memories of first-class tennis go back fifteen years or more. Norman Brookes has played H. L. Doherty and S. H. Smith in their prime. He has beaten McLoughlin in Australia and lost to him at Forest Hills. He has played Beals Wright and Larned, Tilden and Johnston and Williams. No other player has such a wealth of material for a comparison of the present with the past as far back as 1905. Would Brookes support the opinion of many ageing Americans, that nobody now alive is quite equal to Larned in his day? Larned, who earned such a high proportion of his points, who once passed Beals Wright six times in one game as Wright followed his service to the net?

Interest in this year's championships is all the keener, too, because our returning players have done so well in England. Tilden won the English singles championship, now called, for no very cogent reason, the world's championship; Williams and Garland won the doubles; Johnston and Tilden won the Davis cup ties against the French and the English teams without losing a match; victories which have given the United States the right to challenge Australasia for the cup. And the increased interest in lawn tennis is reflected in the newspapers, which give, not more space to the game, but the same amount of space to more competent reporters. Washburn's play, for example, at Seabright in the first week of this month, was described extremely well in the New York Times. But there are still sins of commission and omission. Why do many papers still put quotes round such familiar nouns as deuce, love, lob and get? Why do nearly all say that so-and-so got "a lead of five-three on games?" What else but games could it be? And why does no paper separate the earned shots into those made by volleying and those made off the ground?

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Rural Europe Comes to Power

THAT European civilization is in peril as a result of the economic disaster that has followed the war, the blockade and the peace, is a prophecy which loses its force by repetition. The comfortable citizen in America or in England hears it listlessly, remembers that he has heard it before, looks round him and remarks that in his own field of vision nothing much is changed. To give a meaning to this generalization one must have seen dilapidated Vienna, or watched the children in the playground of almost any central European school, silent, listless, immobile, too weak or spiritless to play or shout. Figures will give it a meaning, when one realizes that in a great city the deaths are now regularly, month by month, double the births. Other phases of this phenomenon strike the observant mind, when one learns that all the higher schools for girls in Austria have closed down, or that even the leading German universities can no longer buy foreign scientific books for their libraries on account of the rate of exchange. Yet travellers who have crossed the continent by rail or car will report that the fields look well tilled, and the young men in the villages as lusty as ever. Both sets of facts are true. It is the urban civilization of Europe which is threatened. The peasantry will survive and multiply.

Some phases of this prospect, as it affects the various fortunes of country and town, have received curiously little attention. The whole relation of town and country was reversed during the war, and in one degree or another, alike in Russia and in Central Europe, the future may be dominated by this economic change. I began to think and write about it a year ago after a long journey in Central Europe, and I have just found some valuable material in an able and objective study of the brief Hungarian revolution by a young university professor, who was chief "Commissar" for production in the Communist Republic.* Agriculture was the beginning of all the Soviet revolutions, and it may one day be their end. One of the chief reasons why social revolution was possible in Russia, in Hungary, and even for a moment in Bavaria, was that these countries are all capable of feeding themselves. It seemed to an international strategist of revolution possible to start here, in spite of the paradox that the industrial proletariat was really weaker here than anywhere else in Europe. When once the revolution was made, however, experience showed the inordinate difficulty of dealing with a backward peasantry, and until Russia has overcome that difficulty, one cannot say with certainty that the revolution is stable, even there.

The war and the blockade began a transfiguration in the relation of town and country all over Central and Eastern Europe, which has deeply affected its political history already, and may be the determining factor in its future. If we had been asked, before the war, to define the normal economic relation of country and town, most of us would have answered, that it is an ordinary relation of exchange. The country produces food, and sells it to the town in exchange for manufactured goods. It was in Europe much more complex than this simple statement suggests. The country really existed in a tributary relation to the town. Farmers and peasants paid rent, interest on mortgages and national taxes, and, however the payment was disguised, the concrete fact is that they paid these obligations ultimately in kind. Rent interest and taxes really went through one channel or another, in the form of grain, meat and vegetables to the town. The relationship closely resembled that between an industrial country (say England) and an agrarian country (say Argentina). Argentina pays in grain and meat not merely the equivalent for the manufactured goods which we send out in any one season, but also a rent for the capital which our finance has sunk there. So in the case of town and country. An analysis of the values exchanged between a city and its rural districts would show, if statistical measurement were possible, that the city received much more in any one season than it gave out. It received, firstly, the food equivalent in barter of the clothing, furniture, and tools which the farmers and peasants actually consumed, and, secondly, the food which covered rent, interest on loans, taxes, lawyers' fees, higher education and many similar services performed by the town and the central state machinery.

The war and the blockade began to alter this balance. Food became scarce and dear, and even the sharp control and the fixing of maximum prices could not prevent the farmers and peasants from "profiteering." They grew rich out of scarcity and accumulated money. At the same time rents, taxation, interests on mortgages and even the cost of the town's professional services remained

* Die Wirtschaftspolitischen Probleme der Proletarischen Diktatur, von Dr. Eugen Varga. Wien 1920.

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nominally at or near the old figure. There was in Central Europe no attempt to pay for the war by taxation, and of course pre-war loans and rents remained at the old level. In reality as the currency depreciated, they fell to a merely nominal figure. Everywhere farmers and peasants began to pay off mortgages, or to buy their land. The result was that the regular tribute paid by the country to the town nearly disappeared. In part it was wiped out. In part it was still exacted, but in marks or kronen or roubles which had sunk to a fraction of their former value. The Russian peasant might still pay the old tax measured in roubles, but he no longer paid the same measure of wheat or rye, or even an appreciable precentage of it. That is a universal phenomenon in Europe, and as a consequence half-starved towns everywhere confront an opulent countryside. The country no longer paid the old tribute to the town, and the town went short by the amount of this surplus which it had formerly exacted.

Nor could any voluntary exchange of goods replace this old involuntary rent. The town produced much less than before. Paper money could buy little or nothing, and the peasants became increasingly reluctant to accept it. In Germany, Austria and Hungary, the town lived in the last year of the war, and the first year of peace, largely by the illicit "knapsack trade." Townsmen went out into the country and carried back meat and vegetables, which they obtained largely by bartering their own accumulated superfluities for these necessities. A glance at the advertisement columns of an Austrian newspaper will still show evidence that the town is exporting its jewels, furs, laces, linen, even its superfluous boots and underclothes, to pay for food obtained directly from the peasants or from the smugglers who deal with them. Under cover of the enemy's blockade, the country, which had been but lately the tributary of the town, now held its hunger to ransom. Its reluctance to part with food to the town became so extreme, that some even speak of "blockade" of the town by the country.

The country, or to be accurate the producing peasantry, had in Russia and even in Hungary been oppressed by the town, or by the state which represented the town. The Russian peasant before the war was underfed. The grain which he ought to have eaten, was taken from him in taxes and sent overseas to pay the interest on the foreign debt of Tsardom. The first use which the peasants made of their liberation from the former tribute (through the sinking of currency and the rise in food prices) was to increase their own consumption of their own produce. Many observers noted this fact in Russia even before the revolution. A Hungarian peasant was heard to say, "Once I used to eat my potatoes and send my ducks to market: now I eat the ducks and sell the potatoes." A peasantry which had been left illiterate and uncultivated felt no new need of the things with which the starving town might still have supplied it. It ate its own surplus. The eastern peasant is to an extent, which would startle us with our experience of half-urban English villages, independent of the town's produce. He can at need make his own dip-candles, weave his own clothes, or revert to the use of the flail when he threshes. The reduction of the country's tribute to the town meant very largely that the country had ceased to produce for the town, and met only its own needs.

No country in Central or Eastern Europe escapes this new relationship of the country to the town. Revolution increasingly aggravated its inconvenience. The rent, which the country still paid, though only in nominal values, now disappeared altogether. In Hungary (I prefer to speak of the case which I saw personally) the Soviets abolished at one blow rents, interest on mortgages and land tax. The sounder policy would obviously have been to impose a heavy tax on all occupiers of agricultural land, payable in kind. Thanks to these measures the town could now live only by exchanging its manufactured goods, and of these it produced not more but less than before. The Soviet Republics also suffered from the conscious hostility of the richer peasants, who now boycotted and blockaded the towns, not merely for economic reasons, but also in some degree from a dislike of their "red" tendencies. The same phenomenon is strongly marked in Austria, where the clerical and conservative peasants regard socialistic Vienna (mild as its socialism is) as a Babylon of iniquity, and there are even signs of it in the feeling of the rural districts towards Berlin. It may be an exaggeration to suppose that the country deliberately injures itself a little in order to hurt the godless town more, but it is certainly true that the peasants, farmers and landlords (where these survive) refuse to regard it as any part of their patriotic duty to make the least effort, or to incur the smallest sacrifice to save the starving towns. Their reasons are mainly economic; the towns have nothing to sell; paper money is not worth gaining; no pressure of rent or taxation compels them to sell. But there may be a touch of sectarian and partisan malice in the indifference with which the Austrian peasant watches the agony of Vienna.

Another phase in the new relationship of town and country will begin whenever the new demo-

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cratic states break up the big feudal estates of Central and Eastern Europe. This has happened already in the Baltic states broken off from Russia. It is happening to a certain extent also in Czecho-Slovakia, at any rate in all cases where the big landowners are Germans or Magyars. It may happen in Poland, though as yet the Diet has merely passed a rather weak resolution, by a tiny majority (one vote, I believe), in favor of the gradual expropriation of the larger estates, in return for full compensation. In Prussia also a warning has been given that compulsory expropriation will begin a year hence, unless the Junkers in the meanwhile sell voluntarily. One may doubt whether much will happen to give effect to these threats either in Prussia or in Poland, short of a social revolution. In Hungary also, the peasants, though at present they may back the "White" counter-revolution, are resolute in demanding the breaking-up of the big estates.

Socialism may preach in theory the advisability of the extensive cultivation of big estates on a communal plan, and may attempt, as it does in Russia and did in Hungary, to realize this system. In practice, however, it seems fated to further the break-up of the big estates in favor of what is virtually peasant ownership. The effect is bound to be detrimental to the towns. In the first place, even where the peasant pays the purchase-instalments, he will pay less than his old rent, and thus the tribute to the town is diminished. In the second place, a narrow-minded, ill-educated peasantry, often too ignorant to see the advantages even of cooperative methods, produces on these small estates less than the same land yielded under the former extensive and more or less scientific cultivation of the big landlord. The outlook for the towns seems to be distinctly worse under peasant agriculture than was its experience under the feudal system. Politically, however, a peasantry which may in some countries, for a time, and for certain purposes, make a sort of fighting alliance with moderate socialism, until it obtains the coveted land, will become solidly conservative in its voting as soon as it has got the land. The town loses not merely its old ascendancy as the tribute-taker: it also loses its leadership in politics and polls only its own vote.

The broad fact would seem to be, then, that the economic consequences of the war and the blockade include a reversal in the relation of town and country which were usual in modern European states. The country realizes its independence, and is economically in a position to dictate to the town. It is a hazardous venture in such conditions to plan a dictatorship of the urban proletariat. One may proclaim it, one may even partially realize it, but Russian experience suggests, so far, that even with great address, with all the resources of skilful propaganda and armed force at its command, the proletarian state may be for years at grips with the effective economic dictatorship, unorganized and unintelligent though it is, of the food-producing countryside. One thinks of the primitive Roman political parable of the members and the belly. The Russian socialist state may eventually win in its struggle, but the object lesson of its difficulties is a severe deterrent to socialists in Central Europe. The case, however, is sufficiently serious in either event. The German socialist movement may shrink from attempting a social revolution, because it knows that if it did so, it would be starved by the joint blockade of the Allies and its own peasantry. But it also knows, that if it makes no revolution, it will be slowly starved out by the loss of its foreign trade and the operation of the indemnity. If it could inaugurate a constructive agricultural policy, it might in a few years save itself without revolution. With a sufficiency of coal and raw materials, it could again produce goods to exchange for home-grown food. If it were strong enough to tax the wealthy countryside heavily, as it ought to be taxed, it would stimulate production. If it had moral prestige, it might educate the peasantry into the adoption of a more social attitude, and organize them for increased scientific production so as to reduce the need for imports to a minimum. It is as yet too weak, too battered, too defeated, too divided, to do any of these things. The consequence may be a decay of the whole urban civilization which Europe had based on the industrial system. The population of the towns will dwindle in comparison with the country. The relative wealth of the two will also suffer a change. The political mastery will pass to the country, under its clerical leaders. The chances of a socialist revolution will grow, each month or year, a little less. At the end of a generation, the civilization of Central Europe may be predominantly agrarian, instead of urban. Foreign trade will still be, what it is today, nearly negligible, and each green plain, governed by its own Junkers peasants and clergy, will feed itself and produce a surplus barely sufficiently for the millions of hungry miners and weavers. One doubts whether much will be left over for the professors and the scientists, the philosophers and the musicians—save, perhaps, for the few who have the wisdom to take orders. A greener Europe, calmer, duller and less populous, will sit down (if it has any mental life at all) to revise the essay on population which Malthus wrote during the last universal war.

H. N. Brailsford.

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Down Town

THROUGH the grey mists that hang over the water in the late autumn afternoon there emerges a deeper shadow. It is like the serrated mass of a distant range of mountains, except that the sky-line is broken with a precision that suggests the work of man rather than the careless architecture of nature. The mass is compact and isolated. It rises from the level of the water, sheer on either side, in bold precipitous cliffs, broken by horizontal lines, and dominated by one kingly, central peak that might be the Matterhorn if it were not so suggestive of the spire of some cathedral fashioned for the devotions of a Cyclopean race. As the vessel from afar moves slowly through the populous waters and between the vaguely defined shores of the harbor, another shadow emerges ahead, rising out of the sea in front of the mountain mass. It is a colossal statue, holding up a torch to the open Atlantic.

Gradually, as you draw near, the mountain range takes definition. It turns to houses made with hands, vast structures with innumerable windows. The day begins to darken. Points of light begin to shine from the windows like stars in the darkening firmament, and soon the whole mountain range glitters with thousands of tiny lamps. The sombre mass has changed to a fairy palace, glowing with illuminations from the foundations to the topmost height of the giddy precipices, the magic spectacle culminating in the scintilating pinnacle of the slender cathedral spire. The first daylight impression was of something as solid and enduring as the foundations of the earth; the second, in the gathering twilight, is of something slight and fanciful, of towering proportions but infinitely fragile structure, a spectacle as airy and dream-like as a tale from the Arabian Nights.

It is "down town." It is America thrusting out the spearhead of its astonishing life to the Atlantic. On the tip of this tongue of rock that lies between the Hudson River and the East River is massed the greatest group of buildings in the world. Behind the mountain range, all over the tongue of rock for a dozen miles and more, stretches an incalculable maze of streets, not rambling about in the easy-going fashion of the London street, which generally seems a little uncertain of its direction, but running straight as an arrow, north and south, or east and west, crosswise between the Hudson and the East River, longwise to the Harlem River, which joins the two streams, and so forms this amazing island of Manhattan. And in this maze of streets, through which the noble Fifth Avenue marches like a central theme, there are many lofty buildings that shut out the sunlight from the causeway and leave it to gild the upper storeys of the great stores and the towers of the many churches and the gables of the houses of the merchant princes, giving, on a sunny afternoon, a certain cloistral feeling to the streets as you move in the shadows with the sense of the golden light filling the air above, while around the Grand Central Station, which is one of the architectural glories of "up town" New York, the great hotels stand like mighty fortresses to dwarf the delicate proportions of the great terminus.

But it is in " down town," the tip of the tongue put out to the Atlantic, that New York reveals itself most startlingly to the stranger. It is like a gesture of power. Generally the great cities are untheatrical enough. There is not an approach to London, or Paris, or Berlin, which offers any shock of surprise. You are sensible that you are leaving the green fields behind, that factories are becoming more frequent, and streets more continuous, and then you find that you have arrived. But New York and, through New York, America, greets you with its most typical spectacle before you land. It holds it up as if in triumphant assurance of its greatness. It ascends its topmost tower and shouts its challenge and its invitation over the Atlantic. "Down town" stands like a strong man on the shore of the ocean, asking you to come in to the wonderland that lies behind these terrific battlements. See, he says, how I toss these towers to the skies. Look at this muscular development. And I am only the advance agent. I am only the symbol of what lies behind. I am only a foretaste of the power that heaves and throbs through the veins of the giant that bestrides this continent for three thousand miles, from his gateway to the Atlantic to his gateway to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

And if, after the long monotony of the sea, the impression of this terrific gateway from without holds the mind, the impression from within stuns the mind. You stand in the Grand Cañon, in which Broadway ends, a street here no wider than Fleet Street, but a street imprisoned between two precipices that rise perpendicular to an altitude more lofty than the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral—square towers, honeycombed with thousands of rooms, with scurrying hosts of busy people, flying up in lifts—called "elevators" for short—clicking at typewriters, performing all the myriad functions of the great god Mammon, who reigns at the threshold of the giant.

For this is the very keep of his castle. Here is the throne from which he rules the world. This little street running out of the Grand Cañon is

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Wall Street, and that low, modest building, looking curiously demure in the midst of these monstrous bastions, is the House of Morgan, the high priest of Big Money. A whisper from his street and distant worlds are shaken. Europe, beggared by the war, stands, cap in hand, on the kerbstone of Wall Street, with its francs and its marks and its sovereigns wilting away before the sun of the mighty dollar. And as you stand, in devout respect before the modest threshold of the high priest a babel of strange sounds comes up from Broad Street near by. You turn towards it and come suddenly upon another aspect of Mammon, more strange than anything pictured by Hogarth—in the street a jostling mass of human beings, fantastically garbed, wearing many-colored caps like jockeys or pantaloons, their heads thrown back, their arms extended high as if in prayer to some heathen deity, their fingers working with frantic symbols, their voices crying in agonized frenzy, and at a hundred windows in the great buildings on either side of the street little groups of men and women gesticulating back as wildly to the mob below. It is the outside market of Mammon.

You turn from this strange nightmare scene and seek the solace of the great cathedral that you saw from afar towering over these battlements like the Matterhorn. The nearer view does not disappoint you. Slender and beautifully proportioned, it rises in great leaps to a pinnacle nearly twice as high as the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is the temple of St. Woolworth. Into this masterpiece he poured the wealth acquired in his sixpenny bazars, and there it stands, the most significant building in America and the first turret to catch the noose of light that the dawn flings daily over the Atlantic from the East. You enter its marble halls and take an express train to the forty-ninth floor, flashing in your journey past visions of crowded offices, tier after tier. Offices of banks and publishers and merchants and jewelers, like a great street, Piccadilly or the Strand, that has been miraculously turned skywards by some violent geological "fault." And at the forty-ninth floor you get out and take another "local" train to the top, and from thence you look giddily down, far down even upon the great precipices of the Grand Cañon, down to the streets where the moving throng you left a few minutes ago looks like a colony of ants or black beetles wandering uncertainly over the pavement.

And in the midst of the great fortresses of commerce, two toy buildings with tiny spires. You have been in them, perhaps, and know them to be large churches, St. Paul's and Trinity, curiously like our own city churches. Once New York nestled under their shadows; now they are swallowed up and lost at the base of the terrific structures that loom above them. In one of them you will have seen the pew of George Washington still decorated with the flag of the thirteen stars of the original union. Perhaps you will be tempted to see in this inverted world an inverted civilization. There will flash on your mind's eye the vision of the great dome that seems to float in the heavens over the secular activities of another city, still holding aloft, to however negligent and indifferent a generation, the symbol of the supremacy of spiritual things. And you will wonder whether in this astonishing spectacle below you, in which the temples of the ancient worship crouch at the porch of these Leviathan temples of commerce, there is the unconscious expression of another philosophy of life in which St. Woolworth and not St. Paul points the way to the stars.

And for the correction to this disquieting thought you turn from the scene below to the scene around. There in front lies the harbor, so near that you feel you could cast a stone into it. And beyond the open Atlantic, with all its suggestions of the tide of humanity, a million a year, that has flowed, with its babel of tongues and its burden of hopes, past the statue with the torch that stands in the midst of the harbor, to be swallowed up in the vastness of the great continent that lies behind you. You turn and look over the enormous city that, caught in the arms of its two noble rivers, extends over many a mile before you, with its overflow of Brooklyn on the far bank of one stream, and its overflow of Jersey City on the far bank of the other. In the brilliant sunshine and the clear, smokeless atmosphere the eye travels far over this incredible vista of human activity. And beyond the vision of the eye, the mind carries the thought onward to the great lakes and the seething cities by their shores, and over the illimitable plains westward to sunny lands more remote than Europe, but still obedient to the stars and stripes, and southward by the great rivers to the tropic sea.

And, as you stand on this giddy pinnacle, looking over New York to the far horizons, you find your mind charged with enormous questionings. They will not be diminished when, after long journeyings towards these horizons, after days and nights of crowded experiences in many fields of activity, you return to take a farewell glimpse of America. On the contrary, they will be intensified. They will be penetrated by a sense of power unlike anything else the world has to offer—the power of immeasurable resources, still only in the infancy of their development, of inexhaustible national wealth, of a dynamic energy that numbs the mind, of a people infinitely diverse, yet curiously one—one in a certain fierce

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youthfulness of outlook, as of a people in the confident prime of their morning and with all the tasks and possibilities of the day before them. In the presence of this tumultuous life, with its crudeness and freshness and violence, one looks back to Europe as to something avuncular and elderly, a mellowed figure of the late afternoon, a little tired and more than a little disillusioned and battered by the journey. For him the light has left the morning hills, but here it still clothes those hills with hope and spurs on to adventure.

That strong man who meets you on the brink of Manhattan Rock and tosses his towers to the skies is no idle boaster. He has in his own phrase, "the goods." He holds the world in fee. What he intends to do with his power is not very clear, even to himself. He started out, under the inspiration of a great prophet, to rescue Europe and the world from the tyranny of militarism, but the infamies of European statesmanship and the squalid animosities of his own household have combined to chill the chivalrous purpose. In his perplexity he has fallen a victim to reaction at home. He is filled with panic. He sees Bolshevism behind every bush, and a revolutionist in everyone who does not keep in step. Americanism has shrunk from a creed of world deliverance to a creed of American interest, and the "100 percent American" in every disguise of designing self-advertisement is preaching a holy war against everything that is significant and inspiring in the story of America. It is not a moment when the statue of Liberty, on her pedestal out there in the barbor, can feel very happy. Her occupation has gone. Her torch is no longer lit to invite the oppressed and the adventurer from afar. On the contrary, she turns her back of America and warns the alien away. Her torch has become a policeman's baton.

And as, in the afternoon of another day, brilliant, and crisp with the breath of winter, you thread your way once more through the populous waters of the noble harbor and make for the open sea, you look back upon the receding shore and the range of mighty battlements. The sun floods the land you are leaving with light. At this gateway he is near his setting, but at the far gateway of the Pacific he is still in his morning prime, so vast is the realm he traverses. You are conscious of a great note of interrogation taking shape in the mind. Is that Cathedral of St. Woolworth the authentic expression of the soul of America, or has this mighty power you are leaving another gospel for mankind? And as the light fades and battlements and pinnacle merge into the encompassing dark there sounds in the mind the echoes of an immortal voice—"Let us here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth!"

And with that resounding echoing in the mind you bid farewell to America, confident that, whatever its failures, the great spirit of Lincoln will outlive and outsoar the pinnacle of St. Woolworth.

A. G. GARDINER.

Bruised Patriots

WHEN I saw the list with only fifty-two passengers, I said to myself that on this voyage we should know everything about everybody. There were a score of foreigners, a bishop, a doctor, and three professors; the rest were all business men. It turned out that we were to know everybody by one single thing. They were all bruised patriots returning to our native land.

These men were the kind of Americans that had made a clean sheet of the war. Most of them had worked on committees for one thing or another; their wives had knitted acres of sweaters; they had sent sons and friends to Europe as well as money; they had gone the lengths in believing everything bad about the Germans and everything good about England and France. And then, doubtless, when the war was over, these men had crossed the Atlantic not displeased with themselves, though full of generous enthusiasm for the Allies. And now they had been told everywhere that America had done very little.

According to the class of people they had met America had done very little in the war, a final bit only, or nothing at all. They had learned that America had not known there was a war. Nobody in America had suffered any sort of privation. What America loved was money. All the way home they talked of these wrongs.

I reflected. Childish idealism makes childish cynicism. The wholesale and thoughtless, though finely generous enthusiasm for the Allies with which these countrymen of mine had rushed into the war, might be expected to be followed by thoughtless pessimism. But that passes in time. Americans

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have suffered so long from the combination of "a megalomaniac tongue with a shrinking soul, anxious to live up to every standard in sight," as Mr. Johnson so happily put it. Now at least the anxiety about foreign opinion was lessened.

Some of the conclusions must now be hard and sweeping; but nature must take its course. At any rate I had been in Italy for six months and some little in France; and had never met anywhere, in parlors, trains, or newspapers, one single word of recognition or thanks or even a casual mention by way of narrative of the work and the money and the workers contributed by America to Europe. So that I had no arguments to meet my sweeping countrymen, even if I had wished for them. I could let it go as a sort of principle, a new gospel —with plenty of horse sense in it—and I could also take it as a study in personality.

There was a buyer of cherries, a placer of agencies from Pittsburg, a contractor, the foreman of a foundry, agents for electrical machinery, for automobiles and other industries. They were mostly uneducated men but very much alive. They knew that they had read most eloquent tributes from foreign statesmen but they also knew what they had heard and seen themselves as they went, rather defiantly I fear, about their business in Europe. Each man put the case his own way.

Before we struck anchor congratulations began: We were going home! No more of this! America for Americans, God's country!

Mr. S., the placer of agencies from Pittsburg, was already making an American of an Egyptian gentleman, a prince. "You see we've become friends," he said, speaking through his nose and with an accent, a sort of Pittsburg Yiddish or Yiddish Pittsburg. "I tell him he's going to the greatest country in the world. He wants to study medicine and we got the best schools in the world, no doubt of that. He says it's rotten in his country. Why, he says, he never puts his shoes on in his life. And no matter what time o' night he comes in from carousing, there's got to be somebody at the door to take his shoes off, we got nothin' like that stuff! I'll just tell you them people don't know what progress is, they're in the dark ages. Look at the tubes in London, little round holes, ours in New York are square, big enough for three tracks. I had my contract for a year, but I wrote, I says, see here, six months of this is enough for me. You send another man out, I'm through, America for me, you said it."

He went from group to group with these threatening monologues. Before we reached New York even the hottest patriots found Mr. S. a little strong.

"Why," he said, "look at Spain. That country possitively ain't civilized yet. I met some of the greatest men in Spain, they were presidents of telegraph companies. And I just says to them your country ain't civilized, I mean through the interpreter, if they hadn't learned English. I don't speak their jow. They had to admit I was right. Look at their theatres, opening at ten o'clock at night and over at two. What makes me tired is their shops opening at ten o'clock in the morning. I like to get up early and do something. Look at their big families. All a big family is they don't do no work and expect the laborers to support 'em. In America we don't have no big families, all are equal. I can go right in Mr. Vanderbilt's office and talk business any day I please. What's ruining Europe today is nobody wants to work. Look at Spain. What's ruining Spain today is that café life, spending every damn day in cafés drinking, that's what it is. Same with them islands of Sorrento and Cappriar, nobody's working. They don't even have running water in the hotel rooms over there, England as well."

Every one of Mr. S.'s stanzas began with what was ruining Europe today, but the refrain was always running water in the rooms.

The cherry buyer, a handsome man from Ohio, said that he had two thousand kegs of cherries in brine or ought to have, no telling how many the Naples dagoes stole before we sailed. But he could stand losing a few cherries if they cut out the mandolin in the steerage now. He was sick of their tinky-tink around the hotels, begging for money when they ought to be at work. No more opera for him; he was certainly going to tell his wife—and so on.

The strongest patriot on board was a man whose parents had brought him over to New York when he was twelve months old. He told everyone his story. Well, the old folks talked all the time so much about the old country, he thought he and his wife would go over there for a rest. Had had a busy winter with city contracts, and thought he'd see what the old country was like. Well, they landed. He knew when he saw all that garbage on the wharf steps he wasn't going to like this place. Well, first thing, they went into a restaurant opposite the wharf, to get lunch. They stuck him 147 lire for lunch. He hadn't asked prices and just had fish and steak and a bottle of wine and ice cream and salad. And look how cheap they'd said Italy was. But he must say the manager at the Vesuvio wa[illegible] swell chap and had done everything he could to [illegible]se. But by the time he was settled there the gover[illegible]nt sent around the way they had done with so many fellows since the war

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and tried to arrest him and put him in the Italian army, because he had been born in Italy. Just imagine, him going to America when he was twelve months old, and then these guys — —!

Well, they thought they'd go out and see the little town where the old folks come from. Jeese, you ought to seen it. Up on a hill, all rock. They had no water in the houses, no electric lights.

"No modern improvements," his wife added.

Absolutely nothing. And the cooking had to be done over one little hole, with charcoal; and his cousin had to work three hours to get them a lunch to eat. But you couldn't stand it that place.

Well, then they had a friend who made a lot of money on contracts last winter and come with an automobile to tour around. He wanted them to come to *his* birthplace. That was worse than the other town. They stayed there one day. A strike was on, but they come back to Naples in a truck, had the bruises yet. Nothing, absolutely, in this town there hadn't been even a piazza. And you went about the streets at night by God, with a lighted stick.

And then everybody in Naples kept wanting them to go to the San Carlo, aw, you got to go to San Carlo, greatest theatre in the world! So they went. And Jeese, they didn't even have no music!

They cut out the four months and got the first ship to New York. He'd like to have seen Rome, but heard the hotels was full up.

I suggested tamely that it was really a pity not to see Rome, it was magnificent.

"Aw, yes, you mean the buildings and all that," Mr. S. from Pittsburgh broke in. "But look at their government. What's ruining Italy today is their government. I'd rather be a lamp post on Broadway than King Victor Emanuel, I can tell you that."

Across from me at the dining-table sat a foreman of a foundry. He was a fine old giant of a fellow, with natural taste and a good heart. He had never had a chance at an education and wistfully regretted it, but he had made his way. His young stable steward and I loved him.

"Son," he used to say to his steward, in a tone of the snuggest confidence, "could you get me another cup of that coffee. That stuff's worth five dollars a cup to me. I swear it's the first real coffee, I've had since I left the States, honestly. My wife says I'll founder myself yet on that dope, but honestly—thank you, son."

"Lady," he said to the contractor's wife, "I've been over since March. Never again! They got some fine things over there, of course they have; that Milan Cathedrale, tell you that's some place. I went up on the roof. Lady, there's one thing there that impressed me somehow. It's a picture of St. Bartholomew being skinned. Now, I says, there's a man that knew Christ, and if he'd let 'em skin him for his faith, I ought to be a-thinking. But them Italians, just like them Frogs in Paris, they don't care nothing about all that. I tell you after I've been in France, I'd fight for the Germans before I'd fight for them Frogs again."

"That's right," the lady agreed. She had never been in France; but everyone was agreeing to everything; on the principle, perhaps, of Molière's doctor who said to another that if he'd agree to an emetic for this patient he himself would agree to anything you pleased for the next.

There were two things my friend would really like to introduce into the States. One was that Marsala wine—"say, that's some stuff, say, if I was a drinking man I could sure set my cork a bobbin' on that stuff. And the other was orange juice on the strawberries. Say, that's great. I'm agoin' to tell my wife about that dope. Just a little orange juice and a little sugar; and I know what she'll say: 'All right, you got more things in your old head than the comb'll take out, haven't you?' "

What got him, though, was the vineyards everywhere. Why in the name of Sam Hill didn't they get to work in Europe and raise some wheat, instead of expecting America to feed them while they set around drinkin'! He'd given his last cent, he said. The next man that came in his office wantin' contributions for over there, he wasn't goin' to show him the door, he was goin' to throw him out of the window.

"Son, can you give me a little more of that jam. A good kid that boy. Son, why don't you come to God's country, we'll get you a job."

"Well, say, gentlemen, even the waitress at Liverpool, by George, she didn't like the Americans either. Know why she didn't like the American soldiers? Because they put butter on their bread as well as jam. Now that's a hell of a reason, ain't it!"

"I told her to save up her money and come on over to the States and we'd give her a square meal."

So on, over and over again, for the twelve days.

The bishop had to be prudent. He had been instructed by an Italian lawyer in the perfidy of America and told by an eminent Frenchman that America had done nothing for France. Still he must be prudent. I used to report the talk to him. He said they were fine, clean, manly American fellows and he loved them all.

STARK YOUNG.

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Where Democrats Vote Republican

A NEW alignment of political parties may seem a long way off as the young Farmer-Labor party tries to make itself heard in its first campaign. But here in the Northwest we have seen evidence of that new alignment. Democrats and Republicans are moving towards a coalition. The force driving them in that direction is the Nonpartisan League. Under the force of their own blows, the foes of the League have all but destroyed the Democratic party as a political force in North Dakota and Minnesota. In North Dakota the Democratic vote for governor, in the recent primaries, was almost negligible. In Minnesota the real struggle is yet to come, between the "regulars" (Democrat-Republicans) and the "independents" (Farmer-Labor).

The strategy used by the foes of the Nonpartisan League in the primaries was similar in North Dakota and Minnesota, though in each state tactics were dictated by differing local conditions. In each instance that foes of the Leagues sought to make capital out of the progressive character of Nonpartisan legislation in North Dakota (though it has been declared constitutional by the U. S. Supreme Court) by crying socialism and anti-Americanism. In Minnesota, the blow against the Leagues was delivered from without; in North Dakota the attack was from within. In each case it was a failure. In North Dakota the League's program was given a blanket endorsement. In Minnesota, though they did not nominate their candidate for governor, the two Leagues had marked success in many counties.

The contest in Minnesota lay between Jacob Preus, backed by the Sound Government League, and Henrik Shipsted, endorsed by the Nonpartisan League, and the Working People's Nonpartisan League, Farmer-Labor coalition. The issue was an equitable tonnage tax. This issue has been alive in Minnesota politics since 1907, and revolves, like most political questions of the present, around the method of bringing vested interests under control of the community. In the past, the Steel companies of the state have annually paid only about one per cent tax upon their vast returns. As an expression of ten years of public impatience at this corporate delinquency, the two Nonpartisan Leagues boldly declared for the net tax, defeated in the legislature of 1919 by sharp practices, which would elevate the tax on steel ore close to the ten per cent mark.

Mr. Preus did not dare to accept the real issue. He ambiguously declared for a tonnage tax, and then, playing his part in the strategic plan of the League's opponents, sought to confuse the real issue by crying socialism and red flag. Expensive posters in pink, in giant letters, spoke for Mr. Preus from every street corner and cross-roads. "Help Save Minnesota from Socialism." "Do not Exchange Old Glory for the Red Flag of Socialism."

In spite of these blatant spokesmen, it is questionable whether Mr. Preus would have carried the state, had not the Democrats come to his rescue. Several mornings after his election, the Minneapolis papers, all of which supported him, carried editorials culled from state Republican and Democratic papers, which attributed Preus's victory to a coalition of the two old parties. This quotation from the Fremont Daily Sentinel suggests the character of these comments:

> Not only in the "silk stocking wards of the cities" but, so far as we are able to learn, a goodly percentage of the Democrats everywhere voted to save the country from the menace of Townleyism by putting an X after the name of J. A. O. Preus.
>
> The Democrats did a similar thing two years ago, but our Republican friends never showed any appreciation of the patriotic sacrifice. Shortly after his election the governor in a speech at Chicago gave the Democratic party a terrific castigation, evidently forgetting, for the time being, that he owed his position to the men whom he was holding up to reprobation.
>
> Republicans with gratitude in their souls should lift their hats to the mule.

Herein the Minnesota primary has a lesson for those who believe that the two parties now dominant open for the voter any really substantial alternatives. Faced with a new and genuine alternative, the two old parties telescope with all the rapidity of wooden cars in a train wreck. It seems likely that the Nonpartisan Leagues will have enough votes in the next legislature to pass an equitable tonnage tax over a governor's veto. The two Leagues, though they did not nominate their state ticket, nevertheless carried fifty-four counties in the state, which may give them a substantial majority in the legislature next fall.

In North Dakota the foes of the Nonpartisan League united behind William A. Langer, a former League supporter, twice elected to the office of attorney-general by League votes. Mr. Langer became estranged from the League about two years ago, and has since been its bitter opponent. In his campaign, Mr. Langer acknowledged the value of the League program; he declared himself in favor of that program; he often announced that he was just as good a Leaguer now as he was two and four years before. The farmers, he contended, were being betrayed by their leaders.

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North Dakota gave the entire League ticket a majority of six thousand votes. And though Governor Frazier carried the state in 1918 by 16,700 votes, ten thousand Democratic votes were recorded then. This year the Democrats polled but 7,920 votes for Governor. Once more, as in Minnesota, there was a coalition of the two old parties. In the Northwest that "new alignment" is not the visionary thing it may seem to be, in the East. It is something with which we are now having practical experiment.

M. H. Hedges.

Thomas Hardy, Wizard of Wessex

WITHOUT derogation to the nobility of Thomas Hardy's purposes—and no novelist ever had nobler ones—he may be called a master-magician. Over his self-created kingdom of Wessex he wields a potent wand. Like other magicians he has his favorite modes of producing his effects. Some of the slighter, more idyllic stories like The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid are steeped in morning sunlight as if to prove that he can work in broad day if he chooses. But for the sterner dramas he has generally preferred a stage dimmed to that half-dark out of which anything may be evoked. Grant him his stipulated conditions of darkness, solitariness or at least loneliness, and he can achieve what wonders he will. Not merely does he call spirits from the vasty deep but they answer him as those recognizing a master-voice. Close a Hardy novel and (*if* you are a Hardy lover) you feel that something wonderful has just happened. A moment before, the rose-colored atmosphere of an exalted world was about you, and its men and women, each with a certain classic simplicity of line, posed in situations of poetic, often tragic, beauty, were close and warm. But presto! As we exclaim on the charm of this pageantry, it fades into the light of common day; as we are in the very act of reaching out our hands to touch these slightly removed, destined beings, they vanish. The black letters of the alphabet—tiny Ariels prompt to do this Prospero's bidding—have, on the instant, slipped into customary place like any other letters on any other printed page. Wizardry does not stay—for inspection.

Rightly understood Hardy is a poet, a poet-dramatist of an elder day, somewhat Tennysonian, more Shakespearean, anything but twentieth-century. Wells and Bennettt appear to dash their brushes upon the canvas but Hardy is a deliberate craftsman. His effects are formal; even the layman, of analytical turn, may enjoy the "composition" of his scenes. Not for him the fragmentary numbered episode of Joan and Peter or the telegraphic sentences of The Foolish Lovers, leaving dots to say what a classicist would take the trouble to express in sound English phrase.

No other novelist has so felt the wonder and the majesty of the firmament as has Thomas Hardy. The thunder-storm in Far from the Madding Crowd drenches the reader who likes Hardy (some readers don't!) with emotion. Nothing in literature is finer than the fall of deep snow in the same story in which poor little Fanny stands outside the barracks window of her faithless soldier and seeks by throwing tiny pellets against the glass to rouse his attention and his pity. But in The Return there is, in the chapters already alluded to, an organ breadth and depth, a diapason note, a pagan vastness, that take hold of us as Lear takes hold. Hardy seems to have felt his kinship with Shakespeare and, without imitation, his notions and his characters, at times even his style, take on a Shakespearean cast. His peasants not infrequently suggest the clowns of Shakespeare; no one character reminds us of any one clown, but there is an unmistakable family resemblance. Do not brave Grandfer Castle and his poor son—"but the raimes of a man"—seem thoroughly Shakespearean? Yet they are not copies but originals.

The likeness between Lear and The Return is too subtle for tracing beyond the simple facts that both are elemental tragedies, both have their greatest scenes on a wild heath and that in each the tragic impulse is an overwhelming vanity—in one that of King Lear himself, in the other that of Eustacia Vie. Hardy himself evidently loved the greatest of Shakespearean tragedies for in the slight prefatory note to his own work he writes: "It is pleasant to dream that some spot in the extensive tract whose southwestern quarter is here described, may be the heath of that traditionary King of Wessex—Lear."

Of the eighteen volumes that represent this author's work in prose The Return is justly considered the greatest though it has not achieved the popularity of Tess. The reason perhaps lies in the fact that in The Return interest is almost evenly divided among a group of characters, while in Tess it is centered in one figure of compelling appeal. Tess has the greater number of dramatic strokes; one "big" scene follows another; Tess is betrayed, her baby dies, she seeks service at a distant dairy; loves and is loved by Clare; marries him; confesses; is carried across the river on the narrow bridge in the arms of her sleep-walking husband; is deserted by him; runs across her old betrayer, now a way-

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side evangelist; unconsciously tempts him again; stabs him; flees with the returned Clare but wakes from sleep amid the storied pillars of Stonehenge to find an officer of the law behind the nearest pillar —an extraordinary plot surely! Melodramatic! Perhaps, but quivering with human interest.

Whatever else is said of Tess, it must stand as the finest instance of that appeal which its author seems never to weary making—an appeal for compassion and tenderness toward women. Though it is true that the leading person in his greatest novel is a man, Hardy's distinction in character portrayal rests most strongly on his women. His pity for their physical frailties especially when they must, as in the case of Marty South, encounter hardship; his understanding of their need for love; his conviction that nature did not intend them for struggle; in short, his boundless chivalry for them makes him unique in a modern world where Shaw, Bennett, Wells, Ervine and the rest have pulled woman from her pedestal of poetic idealism (almost by the hair of her head) and find her meet only for comradeship.

The Return differs from Tess even more vitally than in its wider distribution of dramatic interest. Its whole conception partakes slightly of the supernatural. Wildeve and Eustacia, Thomasin and the Yeobrights—mother and son—are, individually regarded, human enough. But something indefinable in the way they are grouped and treated places them in our memories as creatures of an elemental world. The arrangement into sub-books gives an epochal quality. How finely dramatic are the titles to these books: Three Women, The Arrival, The Fascination, The Closed Door, The Discovery, Aftercourses. Indeed, Hardy is so often dramatic to the degree of intensity that one wonders why a single play only—The Dynasts—has appeared from his pen. But had he turned playwright we should have lost those pictures of nature that are one of his strongest claims to survival.

Hardy has not merely an eye for the beauties of the natural world—that possession is fairly common; he has an ear for all of the sounds of the forest, is, like his own Giles and Marty, "possessed of its finer mysteries as of commonplace knowledge . . . . collected those remoter signs and symbols which, seen in few, were of runic obscurity, but altogether made an alphabet . . . . from the quality of the wind's murmur through a bough could name its sort afar off." The wizard waves his wand on the page of this book to the intent that we may be constantly conscious of the rustle of leaves. One might say that its pages are fairly umbrageous, both with forest and fruit trees. Giles "looked and smelt like Autumn's very brother, his face being sun-burnt to wheat color, his eyes blue as cornflowers, his boots and leggings dyed with fruit-stains, his hands clammy with the sweet juice of apples, his hat sprinkled with pips, and everywhere about him that atmosphere of cider which at its first return each season has such an indescribable fascination for those who have been born and bred among the orchards." It is not easy to stop quoting such English as that!

If The Return has the majesty of Lear, A Pair of Blue Eyes is an Arthurian idyl, with Elfride as the lily-maid. Her girlish blunder in running away to London with Stephen is a dramatic quantity of like value to the fatal glance into the mirror that marred the happiness of The Lady of Shalott, and the progress from London to Endelstow of Elfride's rich funeral car, the display in the smithy of her coronet and the suggestion of stately burial remind us of Elaine's barge floating down to Camelot, and her "gorgeous obsequies

"And mass, and rolling music, like a queen."

Hardy's humor is of that rarest type, the Shakespearean. With finished artistry it is made to offset the somberness of the major scenes. Those misconceive Hardy, I believe, who find him depressing. Report does not show him in his personality as at all depressed. He is genial, and is greatly loved by his Wessex neighbors. His feeling for nature is pagan, almost pantheistic, but the beauty of the Nazarene—witness Clem Yeobright's preaching and Jude—is not lost to him. As to his complaints on the hardship of the common lot, I am inclined, affectionately, to smile. Enviable Thomas Hardy! It has been given to few to view the handiwork of God as he has viewed it.

GRACE ALEXANDER.

The Wingless Victory

Nike of Samothrace,
Thy godlike wings
Cleft windy space
Above the ships of kings;
Fain of thy lips,
By hope made glorious,
Time kissed thy grand, Greek face
Away from us.

Our Nike has no wings;
She has not known
Clean heights, and from her lips
Comes starvèd moan.
Mints lie that coin her grace,
And Time will hate her face,
For it has turned the world's hope
Into stone.

HERVEY ALLEN.

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The Bandwagon

When You Are Beaten.

Paris, July 29.—The suggestion that Germany's time limit for the payment of indemnity should be extended to a century, so that future German generations would feel the punishment of war, was made today by Jean Ray, noted French financial expert and economic writer. . . .

"Nothing would serve better to teach the present generation of Germans that the policy of imperialism which they upheld with such enthusiasm does not pay—when you are beaten."—*International News Service.*

Wanted—Teachers.

Must be good ones. Hustlers. Do not want old. Ugly ones. Or cranky and grouchy ones. Describe self personally and professionally. Send photo J. F. Gillis, Grove Hill, Ala. Co. Supt. of Clark County.—*Advertisement in the Mobile Daily Register, July* 8*th.*

Mr. Volstead Exonerated.

St. Paul, Minn., July 13.—Attempts to show that Representative Andrew J. Volstead of Granite Falls was an atheist and attended church for political reasons featured today's court hearing of the contest against the nomination of Rev. O. J. Kvale as Representative from the 7th District at Benson, Minn. . . . Court opened with examination by James Manahan, counsel for Kvale.

"Can you recite the Ten Commandments," challenged Manahan. Amid repeated objections from his own counsel, Volstead said he had forgotten them.

"Do you believe Christ made wine out of water?" asked Manahan.

"Yes."

"Do you think it was right for him to make wine out of water?"

Volstead was excused from answering.

—*New York World.*

Page Mr. Kolchak, Mr. Denikin, Mr. Yudenitch, Mr. Korniloff and Mr. Kaledin.

"General Wrangel's South Russian Government constitutes tomorrow's Russia regenerated on a democratic basis."—Professor Struve, Paris representative of the "Government of South Russia."

Women in Politics.

"How seriously will politics take women? . . . If we were asked to draw an analogy we'd say that if we had a fractious horse, and after we'd fed him well, pampered him, coddled him, treated him with every kindness and attempted to talk reason at him, he still stood up on his hind legs and pawed at the air, we'd get a rawhide quirt and hire the best horseman we knew and then scientifically and firmly lick the hell right out of him."—The Monitor, organ of Mark A. Daly, of the Associated Manufacturers and Merchants.

Home, James.

"The Pennsylvania miner, making from forty to seventy-five dollars a day, buys an automobile—not necessarily a Ford—which waits for him at the entrance to the mine."—Modes and Morals (Scribner's), by Katherine Fullerton Gerould.

CORRESPONDENCE

Elusive Facts

SIR: Last February or early in March I wrote to the War Department inquiring whether *all* the murders of ex-service men which took place at Centralia last autumn were to be prosecuted for, or only those murders of which the victims were not members of the I. W. W. I further inquired what court was to try them.

I also asked for information about an ex-service man named Le May, of whom I had been told that he was a member of the I. W. W. and had seven medals or other decorations for bravery, including the Croix de Guerre and British Distinguished Service medal; and who, I had heard, was an intimate friend of Wesley Everest, the Centralia mob's victim, but who was lying with a broken back, from the fall of a tree, while lumbering, after his return to this country.

The War Department replied that it could give me no information about any of these matters. I think it said that the answers to them were not known to the Department. It advised me to inquire of the Department of Justice.

I then sent the following letter:

"March 18th, 1920.

To the Department of Justice.

Gentlemen: I am informed by the War Department that they cannot tell me what court is trying, or has been trying, the Centralia cases—the cases of the four, or the five, ex-soldiers killed in (I believe) an attack on the I. W. W. headquarters on Armistice Day. But the letter from the War Department advised me that perhaps the Department of Justice could inform me, both as to this point, and also whether prosecutions are being, or have been, made for all *five* of the ex-soldiers killed on that day, or only for the *four* who were killed by members of the I. W. W.; and not for the ex-soldier who was killed by the mob—Wesley Everest, I believe, his name was—who was a member of the I. W. W.

Any information in this matter which the Department can give me, or can put me in the way of obtaining, will be much appreciated. If prosecutions are being brought in all five cases, it seems to me the newspapers should be requested to state that fact; and if in only four, I am anxious to know why so.

Hoping the Department can assist me, I am,

Very truly yours,

Sarah M. Cleghorn,

859 Walnut Street, Macon, Georgia."

To this no reply ever came.

Late in April I addressed the headquarters of the American Legion asking the same questions, including that about Mr. La May. In reply I received a polite note, promising to try to obtain the information desired. No further word coming, early in July I wrote again to the Legion; and this time I received the following reply:

"The American Legion
National Headquarters
Meridian Life Building
Indianapolis

July 16th, 1920.

My dear Miss Cleghorn: Your letter of July 4th is at hand. Pursuant to your letter of April 23rd, we wrote under date of May 5th, to Mr. Russell C. Mack, c. o. Aberdeen World, Aberdeen, Washington, who, we were

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informed, is in a position to supply authentic information of the nature you request, but to date we have received no reply from him.

I know of no other course from which this information may be obtained, and I suggest that you write either to Mr. Mack and remind him of our previous letter, or to the City editor of the Aberdeen World, who probably could arrange to have someone look up the details for you.

Sincerely yours,
Herbert Updegraff,
Publicity Division."

I have not yet written to Mr. Mack in quest of these facts, which seem to elude the authorities and Legion, however hard they try to "look up the details."

Manchester, Vermont SARAH N. CLEGHORN.

Innocent Merriment

SIR: I see that the New York Times, in a momentous editorial, comes at last to see that invasion has been helping Lenin to rally the general support of Russia, but it adds that he has done this under the banner of "Holy Russia." That our most prominent daily should select the words Holy Russia for the use of the Bolsheviks should be nothing worse than a source of innocent merriment. If it has any significance it is as a symbol of how much we know about Russian types and feelings. Denikin did make a special use of this old appeal, but of course Lenin's appeal has been against allowing the fruits of the revolution to be taken away by foreign imperialists and native Tsarists. However, as Shakespeare makes me say:

"things best please me
when they befall preposterously."

PUCK.

That Russian Gold

SIR: As is well known, France is insistent that the Soviet government assume responsibility for the debts which were contracted by the former Tsar. Much of the sum borrowed was used, I believe, to keep down the Russian people and to bolster up the autocracy. It is something quite new that a people liberated from bondage should be indebted to their former masters or to those who aided their masters. On the contrary, the master is under a very considerable obligation to those whom he oppressed. Would it not be more reasonable to ask that France, instead of demanding some six billion dollars, should waive all claims to any such sum, and as a just indemnity repay Russia several billions for aiding in the oppression of the Russian people.

Lincoln, Nebraska. DAVID H. WEBSTER.

More History and Less Bunk

SIR: It is highly fortunate for the public that aspirants to the Presidency are not required by law or custom to show a correct knowledge of American history in their campaign speeches. If such were the case, our people would be deprived of some very beautiful generalizations.

For example, Harding informs us that, "The Constitution contemplates no class and recognizes no group. It broadly includes all the people with specific recognition of none."

This pretty theory of the Constitution, which finds expression in such obsolete historians as Bancroft, was conclusively refuted about ten years ago by Professor Charles A. Beard in his "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution."

As for Coolidge, if he were obliged to make his pronouncements square with the facts of American history we should be robbed of the choice epigrams which constitute his political stock in trade.

To illustrate by selecting a few of the finer gems from his speech of acceptance: "The observance of the law is the greatest solvent of public ills." "The march of civilization has been ever under the protecting aegis of the law." "Liberty . . . . relies in its entirety on the maintenance of order and the execution of the law."

To bring the matter home, one would like to ask the Governor whether "the observance of the law" proved "the greatest solvent of public ills" in Massachusetts during the decade prior to the outbreak of the Revolution. Did "civilization" march "under the protecting aegis of the law" in that state between 1765 and 1775? Did "Liberty" rely "in its entirety upon the maintenance of order and the execution of the law" at the time of the Stamp act troubles, the Boston Tea Party, and similar episodes?

What one vainly wishes for in Presidential candidates is more history and less buncombe.

Lochmere, New Hampshire. E. E. C.

Venizelos, the Imperialist

SIR: Will you let me express for thousands of Greeks in the United States and hundreds of thousands in Greece, who under the present régime of martial law are forbidden to express their own ideas, appreciation of the editorial in your issue of June 30th, in which you speak so aptly of "Greek imperialism" as "a highly artificial mood, imputed to a pacific people by Venizelos and the British and French foreign offices." This is, of course, strikingly true, and it is astonshing to me that the New Republic knows this. So few American newspapers do, and so many are deceived by the very far flung Venizelist propaganda which covers this country so thoroughly.

New York City. P. SIORIS.

Venizelos, the Liberator

SIR: Certain Greek-Americans are attributing the policy of Venizelos, Prime Minister of Greece, in holding off from demobilization of the Greek army to selfishness; and are accusing him of militarism, imperialism, lust of conquest, etc. They seem to lose sight of the facts that Turkish aggression still demand the continuance of the larger army, and that the present Greek claims (territorial) are just. Venizelos, together with the great majority of his countrymen, is demanding nothing that does not rightfully belong to Greece. He is not seeking to impose militarism, or imperialism, upon his country. Nothing is further from his thought than to assume a dictatorship. His great concern is to free Greeks everywhere from Turkish tyranny.

He is a true patriot and is recognized as such by the great body of Greek citizens as well as others not Greek citizens. It is unfortunate that any Greek-Americans, whether ignorant, misguided, or unprincipled, should misinterpret the policy of this liberator of oppressed Greeks.

New York City. ALEXANDER KEHAGA.

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A Liberal's Creed

The Advancing Hour, by Norman Hapgood. New York: Boni and Liveright.

NORMAN HAPGOOD is a liberal whose work is a standing refutation of the calumnies launched against liberalism by both the reactionaries and the radicals. It is charged that liberalism lacks vigor and courage. Norman Hapgood is always courageous and vigorous, unless, to be sure, you define those qualities as a resolution to see only one side, to accept only one solution for the multiplex problems of human life. It is charged that liberalism is cold and sicklied with over deliberation. Norman Hapgood expresses his conviction with passion and with a definiteness that leaves no room for the hypothesis of a mind vacillating between alternate plausibilities. It is charged that liberalism lacks personal loyalty and generous faith. Norman Hapgood's loyalty to Wilson is that firmest of all loyalties which refuses either to gloss over defects or to be unduly shaken by them. And very few books have recently appeared that evince a profounder faith in the coming time than Norman Hapgood's The Advancing Hour. It is a book worth everyone's reading, for its notable contribution of facts and ideas, and more especially for its candor of spirit, rare indeed in a day when a great part of our political writers are still more or less disabled morally by their late services to national morale in disseminating lies and misrepresentations for the glory of God and the cause of Right.

As Norman Hapgood sees it, the present is a time of revolution. The French Revolution did not end with Napoleon's whiff of grape shot, but the forces it released finally permeated the whole western European social and political system. Rule by divine right and aristocratic privilege may have seemed to survive the first shock of revolution, but history proves that the only life left to them was that of the more or less sentimentalized anachronism. Just as surely the Great War and the social movements engendered by it have dealt a fatal blow to the principle of social and political dominance by capital.

> "The war has shown to the working people of the European belligerents something they can not forget. . . . How sacred was the talk about the impossibility of doing business without a profit, and how little were the words understood. Since the war the expression has a meaning still, but a meaning profoundly different. Fully as clearly as before we know that a factory which does not produce with efficiency things that men and women need is destructive; but we likewise understand, much more clearly, that a capitalist who can make what he calls a profit only by keeping his men unemployed a third of the time is flagrantly destructive."

Think how many things seemed natural and necessary ten years ago that now seem absurd and arbitrary. Ten families, let us say, derive their living from the profits of a woolen mill. A thousand derive their living from wages earned in the mill. It occurs to the ten that by stopping production and cutting off wages altogether their profit will suffer no harm, but may be increased by a measurable fraction. The ten used to take such action, and they still take such action, without the remotest notion that the thousand ought to have a word to say about it. But the war, with its colossal production ignoring the profit taker whenever he stood in the way of output has opened the eyes of the working masses to the monstrous anomaly of production controlled exclusively by the profit motive. And the opening of eyes is the beginning of revolution.

But the war has also given the European laborer, and sooner or later will give labor everywhere, light upon these things:

> "Upon the capitalistic origins of modern war.
>
> Upon the capitalistic nature of the peace.
>
> Upon the capitalistic hypocrisy of most of the war statements of the ruling class in every country.
>
> Upon the capitalistic bitterness with which the Tsarist Russians were supported, not for love of them, but from hatred of the communists. . . . If the governments of the world had sat up nights seeking a method of proving to liberal labor everywhere the savage purpose by which the ruling class is guided, they could not have selected conduct better suited to burn it deep."

Capitalism can not be trusted to keep up the production of necessities or to provide employment. It can not be trusted to keep the peace; on the contrary competing national capitalisms produced the Great War and might produce a greater in the future, if they retained their pre-war privileges. Capitalism, as the war upon Russia proved, is disposed to cling to its power, so long as there is any virtue in force and fraud. But the balance of force is shifting to the other side, and it is impossible that the people will soon again be taken in by so bald a fraud as the capitalistic official case for intervention in Russia. What then? Shall capitalism give way to communism?

Norman Hapgood is no believer in the dictatorship of the proletariat and communism. Its failure as a system of production has already been demonstrated, he believes. The rigidity of it will have to be greatly relaxed. The Soviet Republic is as far from a humanly tolerable system as our own capitalistic state. It will have to evolve toward individualism, as we shall have to evolve toward socialism; perhaps we shall meet half way.

In that half way station which Norman Hapgood conceives as the best practicable arrangement the state will probably participate more extensively in the economic life than now. Transportation, and possibly the supply of basic materials like coal will be a state function. In the fields left to private industry regulated competition rather than regulated monopoly will be the rule. The trusts, built up and kept in power by a bad system of transportation and finance, will give way to a more decentralized industrial form. The financial power of the state will be employed to regularize production. We shall no longer witness the stupefying anomaly of industries like iron and steel, copper and cement, whose products are imperishable and will always be needed, operating with such irregularity as to become the accepted barometer of prosperity and depression. Labor will be equally represented with capital in management, and in cooperation with capital will address itself to the solution of the problems of continuity of production and efficiency.

Behind this organization for production Norman Hapgood expects to see a closely knit cooperative consumer's organization. If there is one force for improvement that appeals more strongly to his interest than any other it is the cooperative movement. It might be called his fad, if it were not rooted in so profound an insight into the economic process. Cooperation alone can give to the consumers a resiliency that will free them from the tedious

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substitution of one method of exploitation for another as the sole tangible fruit of their strivings for reform. The Federal Trade Commission and the Attorney General procure the dissolution of the Meat Trust. To what end, so long as there are not organizations of consumers competent to avail themselves of the new situation and make direct arrangements with the producers of meat. So long as capitalistic business stands over against the helpless individual consumer, supplying him with what it chooses at its own terms, controlling even his private tastes through advertising and salesmanship, any gains that might be expected to accrue to him through improved machinery, cheaper power or materials will be syphoned away for profits.

Norman Hapgood is no broker in panaceas. "I have no confidence in the ability of the human mind, whether Karl Marx's or another, to sit down with a pencil and a sheet of paper and draw up a world-life. Even gardening is experimental, and varies according to species, climate, and individual caprice; and man is more complex than plants." It is more satisfying, no doubt, to the majority of mankind to play with some one principle, guaranteed to solve everything. For those who lack the intellectual energy to envisage life as an eternally complex and heterogeneous thing, or the moral energy to work for ends that afford not complete salvation but only a modest increment of improvement, the panacea is a sentimental necessity. Everyone has moments of weakness that incline him toward the panacea. The Advancing Hour is not an indulgence for those moments, but the kind of book one reads with satisfaction and approval when his mood is to face life just as it is, joyously and confidently, content to play his part courageously in the great, anonymous work of improvement that has brought man up from beastly savagery and will yet carry him beyond the play of ignoble submission and brutal and crooked domination that mars contemporary life.

A. J.

John Masefield.

Enslaved, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co.

SINCE the most important event in the poetic year is the appearance of a new volume by John Masefield, it behooves our critical guides to tell us why exactly this is so and what precisely we should think about the Man and his Message. Until these oracles have thus definitively spoken, however, humble lovers of poetry may perhaps be pardoned for disregarding ephemeral "reviews" and attempting as best they may to satisfy themselves, tentatively at least, on these deeper questions of poetic values. Such readers have long since given themselves several reasons for Masefield's pre-eminence: his immense sincerity; his intellectual honesty and freedom from pose; his simplicity, in which only the very strong can afford to indulge; his vital grasp of reality, heightened by vision and imagination; his wide experience of life, and great breadth of sympathy; his innate largeness of soul. He has felt more deeply, is more feelingly sensi ed, impresses us with the greater scale and scope of his ner self and its ponderings, than is the case with his temporaries. Who else is master of the tenderness wi ut weakness, brooding without morbidity and philos izing without prosing, that make us straightway ta his sonnets to our heart of hearts? Where else do we find the modern frame of mind so perfectly matured,—the thoughtful questioning that seeks a sane support rather than a false hope or a futile academic theory? For it is Masefield's great distinction that he can handle our profoundest problems without ceasing to be simple, sensuous, and passionate. He is always and above all a poet, past master of the singing line, the haunting phrase, the burning word. He is a supreme artist in verse-narrative, creating the most intense interest in the fate of his protagonists, whether Reynard or St. Withiel or the unnamed captives of the Khalif, and yet investing each verse with felicities which cumulatively surpass, even from the standpoint of poetic achievement, that tragic suspense itself. Not that his craftsmanship is always superlatively excellent in technical details, for in his latest volume there are some serious offenses against rhyming, euphony, and scansion (the mis-punctuation of the American edition may be passed by as presumably the fault of the publisher's proof-reader); but in the larger aspects, in the essential substance and indescribable quality of authentic poesy, he is more richly endowed than any other living writer. Not through virtuosity or sensational novelty, therefore, has Masefield won this exalted place in our estimation, but through his possession of the standard gifts most valued in the orthodox English tradition of major poets; and foremost among these is, by general consent, the power to embody in poetry "a criticism of life."

Unlike the many empty singers of a busy day who are now trying to delude the public and themselves into taking mere cleverness for greatness, Masefield steadily addresses himself to the consideration of man's fundamental problem: given human life under existing conditions, what can we do to make the best of it? Here he certainly shares Milton's feeling: "To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian politics, which never can be drawn into use, will not mend our condition; but to ordain wisely in this world of evil, in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably." Similarly Masefield speaks of "all these thorns through which we walk to death," but he sees beyond death "nothingness" where Milton saw immortality. Masefield does not unreservedly promulgate the dogma of annihilation: rather he occasionally voices wistful yearnings or ironic challenges, but on the whole puts the claim of survival aside as unproved and manfully sets out to make the best of what is left,—namely, this world and this life. It is interesting to note the various forms in which he presents the idea of an earthly immortality only. Love, freedom, comrades, but not a blest hereafter, are the amends for the sufferings and reward for the virtue of the erstwhile enslaved. Saint Withiel's triumph over Satan and his hell-hounds produces in this world only, not in the other, a harmony "that cannot fade but is forever there." In the Ozymandias quartet of Sonnets the upshot is that we must haste to make the most of "being alive," for the sake of achieving something in Time, not in Eternity. In The Passing Strange the burden of The Choir Invisible is repeated; we survive only in what we leave to future generations as "a rampart to the mind." In Animula each of the tragic trio creates his own immortality in his own image, but all three in terms of the forces of nature—"one with the blue sea's pureness of delight," for instance; the author is no more committed to orthodox immortality than Shelley was in Adonais or Hadrian in his Animula. While this emphasis upon the here and now naturally minimizes dubious conventional theology and the supernational promises of religion, Masefield is far

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from being a fatalist on that account. Fatalism is not a solution of the problem of life, but a mere passive consent to do without a solution: whereas Masefield assuredly has a solution, or at least a workable principle, as we shall presently see; and meanwhile in the narrative poems he strenuously inculcates active courage, persistent effort, and voluntaristic mastery, not fatalistic submission.

> Fate, that is given to all men partly shaped,
> Is man's to alter daily till he die. . . .
> Things which men
> Mean with their might, succeed.
>
> The dream fulfilled,
> The golden answer to the deeply willed.
>
> Pass deeper to your soul;
> There is a spirit in your side
> That hell cannot control.

In the more merely reflective poems, he still can be freed from this charge of Fatalism, for here his general solution or working principle comes into play.

This "message" of Masefield's is no patent-medicine panacea for earthly ills. He simply presents testimony to the efficacy of something that is at least a practical help, even if it is not a complete theoretical explanation of the riddle of the universe. This great solace and solution is, needless to say, Beauty. When one delimits the field to a quest or the exercise of the will in this world, no other conclusion is open to a poet. Beauty is a word that occurs very frequently in the pages of Masefield and still more frequently in the paragraphs of his reviewers, but no one seems to have tried to explain just what he means by it. To him Beauty is clearly something very different from the metaphysics of Plato, or the ethics of Ruskin, or the hedonism of Pater, or the dilettante aesthetics of Wilde. To him Beauty must be the one divine thing in this world that we can be sure of, that satisfies, that gives to the soul peace and rest; the one rational restorer of human pride and dignity (so sorely stricken by the loss of the sunday school's anthropocentric universe); an all-absorbing loyalty and enthusiasm, worthy of a strong man's uttermost devotion; and finally a great ideal principle able to help its votaries to face and conquer fate and life and the world. This vital principle he finds in many places and relations; it enables him to forget life's intolerable evils, to defy old age, to die content; it is the subject and purpose of all his writing. And consequently, like Spenser, this later Poet of Beauty reaps as a rich reward for his intense self-dedication the power to saturate his poetry with a special and appealing beauty of idea, phrase, cadence, and atmosphere which none of his contemporaries can match. No wonder, therefore, that the appearance of Enslaved is the most important event in this poetic year.

LAWRENCE MASON.

The Industrial History of England

The Industrial History of England, by Abbott Payton Usher, Ph. D. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

"IT has been the purpose of this present study," writes Dr. Usher, "to show that the history of industry is susceptible of other than the usual socialistic interpretation, so that the entire text constitutes the primary answer to the socialistic view." To write an industrial history of England in order to demolish the historical generalizations of the Communist Manifesto is, perhaps, rather like burning down a home to obtain roast pig. Nor is an author likely to pluck the heart out of the mystery of past civilizations if he manoeuvres villain and guildsman, knight and bourgeois, churchman and saint, capitalist and wage-earner as pieces to defeat the cunning gambits of Marx. But Dr. Usher does considerably less than justice to his own work. It is quite a good thing to write history with a theory if one forgets the theory when one is writing it, and during the greater part of his book he shows a saving oblivion of his philosophy. Allusions to "Fabians and persons of kindred sympathies" occur, like references to the devil in medieval sermons, ad majorem dei gloriam—to make more wonderful the victory of God and his saints. But, apart from occasional lapses, due, apparently, to the assumption that, though all else changes, the economic categories of the eighteenth century are graven on brass, he is an historian, not an apologist. On the whole he has the powers of darkness securely enough under his feet to be able to scan the horizon without more than an occasional reproof for their futile mutterings.

And the horizon is a wide one. Any one who has ever tried to lecture or write on the economic history of Great Britain knows that there are immense gaps where a serious approximation to putting the materials in order has hardly been made. Thanks, mainly, to the lawyers, we have a fairly adequate and continuous picture of rural development from the middle ages down to the nineteenth century. But there are whole periods and whole subjects which are still almost a blank. Hardly anything of value has been written, for example, on medieval trade. As Dr. Usher rightly points out, the impetus to industrial and social change has usually come from commercial expansion. Most historians give us details of medieval tariffs, which were probably rarely effective and made little difference if they were, when the thing we want to know is the actual commercial geography, trade routes and trade maps of Europe, and the relation of England to it. The fiction that the guilds died, or were killed, at the Reformation, long discredited, still colors their treatment by historians, though a glance at the records of any English Borough will show them as active in the seventeenth century as they were in the fifteenth, with the result that (except for one book by Professor Unwin) we know next to nothing about them after the Civil War. The crucial period from 1660 to 1760, when the "Industrial Revolution" was being prepared, is, as far as economic development is concerned, almost the darkest in English history. The period from 1850 to the end of the nineteenth century is not much less black.

The consequence has been a picture of social history which throws a high light on the years from 1760 to 1848, represented, according to the writer's taste, as an age of an inexplicable burst of economic enterprise or of a not less inexplicable fall of man, but which makes them unintelligible by isolating them from their antecedents and their consequences. That account is doubly misleading. The conjectures may be hazarded that British industrial organization in 1920 differs as much from that of 1850 as the organization of 1850 did from that of 1800, and that a writer who starts searching for a water-shed in English social history will be driven back at least to 1660. It is one of the merits of Dr. Usher's book that he treats the venerable formula "Industrial Revolution" with becoming

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disrespect, instead of as a climax. In doing so he incidentally makes a real addition to our knowledge of its meaning. It is an astonishing thing that nearly all writing about the transition to modern industrial organization should have been preoccupied with the textile trades, and should have told us next to nothing about the development of engineering upon which the whole process depended. Dr. Usher's account of the rise of the metal industries is a valuable correction of emphasis.

In a book which covers the whole industrial development of England from Domesday book to the formation of the Labor party (by a mistake pardonable in a foreigner confused in the Table of Contents with the Independent Iabor party) in 520 pages, and which finds room at the same time for three introductory chapters on the economic life of antiquity and on the guilds of medieval France, there are naturally inequities of treatment. As a whole the book has the merit of avoiding the unfortunate practice of approaching economic development from the angle of governmental policy, which has been too common among English writers. That line of approach is the easiest, owing to the form in which the most accessible materials normally present themselves. But it is apt to overlook the spontaneous growth from below of new forms of economic organization, and Dr. Usher will help the student to realize that history is not made up of statutes, proclamations, and judicial proceedings. The defect of this quality is that he is sometimes weak on the side of institutions and policy, for example in his account of the medieval village, of the Enclosures, of the Statute of Artificers, and even of some quite modern legislation, for example the Poor Law Reform act of 1834, and the Factory acts. To say that the latter have "been consciously based on the Police Power from the outset" is to use a phrase which is meaningless to an Englishman; nor is it necessary to defend the Parliaments of the early nineteenth century against the charge that they were influenced by the "principles of laissez-faire." Of course, they (or their more intelligent members) were consciously influenced by what a Committee of the House of Commons called "the true principles of commerce now for the first time rightly understood," and were proud of the fact.

The best chapters in the book are those which describe economic organization and technical changes. The accounts of the Woolen and Cotton industries, of the East India Company, of the reorganization of the metal trade, and of the development of the railways, bring together a mass of scattered material which is not readily available elsewhere. The figures of the growth of population, though necessarily conjectural, were well worth giving. The classification of the Paris crafts by the number of persons employed in them, and the similar analysis of the occupational groups in five English towns is most suggestive. The measurement of the effect of the rise of modern industry by the change produced in the occupational groupings of different countries imparts a valuable element of precision into matters which are too often the field of somewhat vague rhetoric. For these and many other features in the book its readers will be most grateful. When it goes into a second edition, perhaps Dr. Usher will somewhat enlarge his bibliography and add footnotes giving references to the sources from which his matter is taken. The request for the latter is not a mere piece of pedantry. They would enormously increase the value of the book to the student, by suggesting fresh lines of investigation to him. R. H. T.

Ben Jonson

Ben Jonson, by G. Gregory Smith. London: Macmillan and Company. Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humor. Edited by Percy Simpson. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

IF Ben Jonson is to be appropriately defended, especially in a designedly popular series like the English Men of Letters, it must be by good round thumping thwacks, not with half-hearted apologetics tinged with something of Ben's own sourness and bad temper. Mr. Smith is constantly on the defensive; he is often arrogant and peevish in his attitude towards other critics. Under his handling Jonson becomes not only dull but a source of dullness in other men, to wit in Mr. Smith himself. The long account of Jonson's life might have been lightened of some of its staleness had the writer, adopting a different plan, considered the events of that career along with the resultant achievement in literature instead of separating the biographical and the critical portions of the book. There is nothing novel in the statement of Jonson's literary creed and of his theory of comedy. Mr. Smith's treatment of this latter subject contrasts unfavorably with that in Professor Simpson's excellent introduction to his edition of Jonson's first great play in which the prevalence, apart from Jonson, of the humor-theory in the last years of the sixteenth century is admirably and succinctly illustrated. The discussion of the plays proceeds along conventional lines and it is unlikely that any new readers will be attracted to either the comedies or the tragedies by what Mr. Smith has to say. This is a pity, for the genuine interest in them (even in the "dotages") could easily have been indicated by a study that dwelt especially upon their excellencies as vivid and imperishable records of Elizabethan and Jacobean London. Painstaking and elaborate attention is devoted to the Masques and to Jonson's critical writings and compilations; equally patient study of the non-dramatic poems results in an almost complete condemnation of them. Mr. Smith possesses a remarkable gift for concrete pithy phrasing; he can sum up a trait or deliver a verdict in a manner akin to Jonson's own. He has accomplished a hard dry task laboriously; but it has not been a labor of love. There are occasional misunderstandings of Jonson's intentions, as when he writes of Lovewit's "unexpected return" or of Bonario's "inexplicable entry." He assumes that A Tale of a Tub was written in Jonson's closing years, the need of the assumption proving his lack of acquaintance with the Yale edition of this play. He dismisses as a subject fit only for antiquaries the problem of Jonson's share in The Bloody Brother and The Widow; and makes no mention at all of Jonson's probable collaboration in The Lover's Progress. The interesting question of Shirley's indebtedness to Jonson should not have been disposed of with the mere word "pilfering."

Mr. Simpson's charming little edition of Every Man in His Humor is, as he says, "in the nature of a pioneer volume," for it is the first instalment of the complete edition of Jonson's works which he and Professor Herford have long had in preparation. It is a most promising beginning. The format is pleasing; the introduction kept within reasonable bounds; the notes interesting and not too elaborate. Indeed, if there be an error, the notes err on the side of paucity, for with the avowed intention of illustrating the play's "faithful picture of contemporary London" opportunities were missed of amplified commen-

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tary upon such picturesque matters as the clap-dish, the blue-coats, tobacco, poisoning, and fashion of ear-rings for men. But these are minor flaws. The very appearance of Mr. Simpson's volume may, one hopes, tempt some people to "have a try at" Jonson who have been repelled by Mr. Smith.

S. C. C.

Sarah and Her Daughter, by Bertha Pearl. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

WHEN an astonishing portion of our fiction is intent on achieving qualities of prettiness and cleverness, it is a welcome experience to meet with a novel of American civilization which attempts an honest, factual revelation of situation and character. This much lies at the base of Bertha Pearl's first novel, Sarah and Her Daughter. The fact that it is wellnigh impossible for an outsider to know intimately the situation she has drawn, or to become intimate with the characters she has brought together in the story of the lives of the German Jew immigrant Sarah Mendel and her daughter, Minnie, adds another quality to the novel. It does more than present a partially new viewpoint of matters with which we are familiar, it brings a new range of material within our understanding. The book is important because of its competent knowledge of its material, because that material is a vital part of our civilization and not a temporary excrescence, and because it does its work well.

The setting of the story is sordid enough, and, superficially, familiar enough. The East Side is not primarily the situation of a pretty story, although it offers abundant opportunity for endless respectable sentimentalism. The character and life of an immigrant family is not subject to cleverness, although it presents much food for cynicism, but the environment of the industrial struggle turns out the substance of literature. As much tragedy, doubtless, lurks on Riverside Drive as on Second Avenue, but that sinister person is far easier fed on fifty dollars a week than on fifteen, and vastly the major part of our literature has dealt with the more decorative and facile sort of struggle.

Here is no decolleté flapper or flannel-clad youth who is given soul-spasms by his first glimpse of Shaw. Here are no laborious epigrams and extravagant entertainments. Centering around the mother and daughter, Miss Pearl has revealed the harsh, uncontrollable, and inescapable environment which surrounds the East Side Jew. This story of the Ghetto cannot be dismissed as "dismal." That were to misunderstand it as much as we have misunderstood its people. It is, in the first place, concerned with a rather grim business of living, a struggle within which one side is inexorable and the other determined, but the story has kept its human qualities. Here are poignances of humor and pathos, here is the naïvete of ignorance and that of differing standards, the courage of pride and the courage of defeat, here is an American book with a straight-forward story, in the main well told and without sentimentalism.

R. V. A. S.

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